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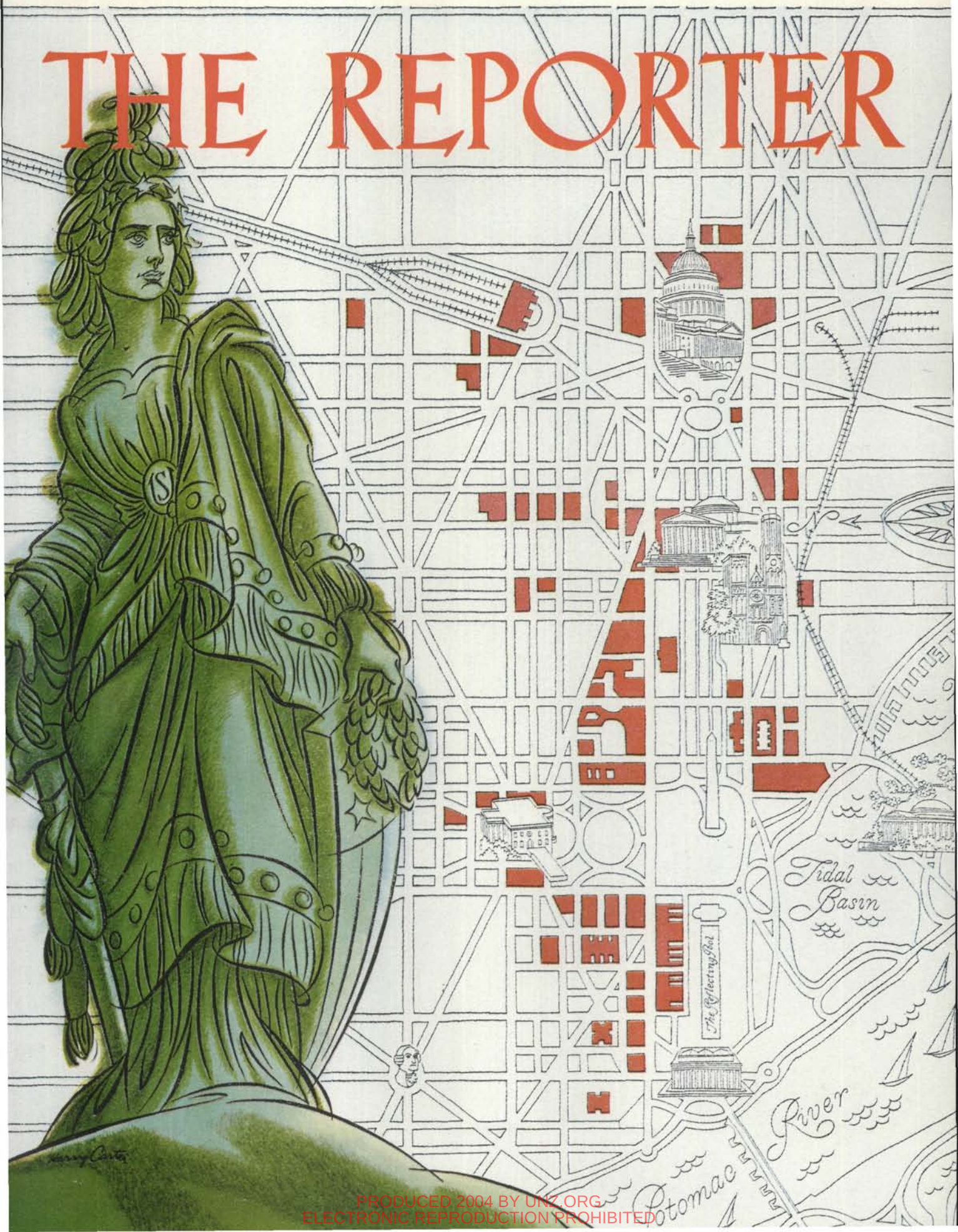

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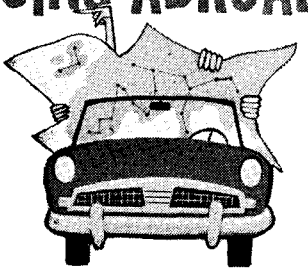

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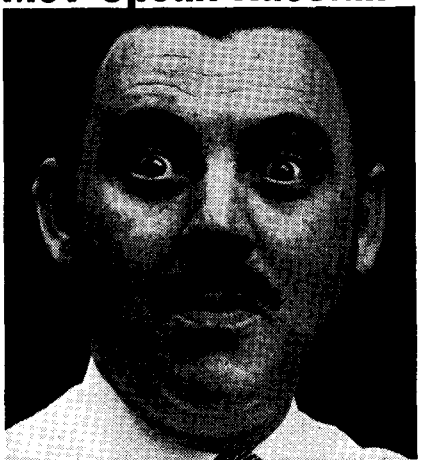

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Published by The Reporter Magazine Company
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VOLUME 26, NO. 3 **FEBRUARY 1, 1962**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 11

Presidential Leadership

ALL ROADS LEAD TO WASHINGTON . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 20
THE VIEW FROM ABROAD . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 23

At Home & Abroad

SEKOU TOURE TURNS HIS BACK ON THE WORLD . . . . . *Philippe Decraene* 24
SHOTGUN WEDDING IN LAOS . . . . . *Denis Warner* 27
THE BATTLE LINES IN NEW GUINEA . . . . . *Denis Warner* 30
THE TIPPING POINT IN VILLAGE CREEK . . . . . *Donald Pfarrer* 33
THE PEACE CORPS COMES TO TANGANYIKA . . . . . *John P. Nugent* 35
AID FOR OUR OWN UNDERDEVELOPED AREAS . . . . . *Julius Duscha* 36

Views & Reviews

'HOW SHALL I READ THIS BOOK?' . . . . . *Alfred Kazin* 39
'THE MOST EXCITING PLACE ON EARTH' . . . . . *Fred Grunfeld* 42
JUST LOOKING . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 45
BRUNNHILDE RIDES AGAIN . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 46
Books:
GUIDE TO A FORBIDDEN CITY . . . . . *James Kritzeck* 52
BELGRAVIA LINGERS ON . . . . . *Sarel Eimerl* 54
THE SEPARATION OF POWER . . . . . *William Lee Miller* 56
THE REPORTER PUZZLE 50

Editorial and Business Offices:
660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

THE REPORTER, February 1, 1962, Volume 26, No. 3. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

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NOW THAT we have reached the first anniversary of President Kennedy's inauguration, every publication concerned with politics has carried articles in which the record of the administration is appraised, pluses and minuses given, and the solemn conclusion reached that this administration has at least three years to go. **Max Ascoli,** too, went to Washington. Soon after he landed at the National Airport, however, he found that he had no taste for the job of giving grades to the administration. It is still too early to judge what the new men have achieved, facing difficulties—and this applies particularly to their leader, the President—for which no single man and no group of men could possibly be prepared. This lack of preparedness, the fact that each new administration must undergo a sort of adult education, is a high price to pay for democracy. But as far as we are concerned, we are unreservedly glad to pay it. On a number of occasions we have pointed out some potentially dangerous trends of the administration, particularly in the conduct of foreign affairs, and at this time we are still dealing with trends and potentialities, not with irreversible facts. When facts of that nature present themselves, our readers may be sure that we will assume our responsibility and that our opinion will be very specific. . . . We have also asked our European correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** to inquire in Paris about the reaction to the Kennedy administration among French and NATO officials. Unfortunately he is not in a position to name all his sources, but we have no doubt of the authenticity of the generally restrained criticisms our allies are making.

IN ALL DISCUSSIONS about Africa, and above all the Congo, one of the ever repeated arguments is that we, directly or via the U.N., have to operate in Africa; otherwise the Communists will come in. There is one African country where the Communists did come in at the very beginning and where they have not done too well. Now perhaps they are not so keenly interested in competing with us over that country. They might even be thinking that where human material is so desperately poor, competition with the West is not worthwhile. **Philippe Decraene,** who is with *Le Monde* of Paris, sends a report on the three-year-old Republic of Guinea. . . . In a recent news conference President Kennedy took note of the risks entailed in our policy in Laos. **Denis Warner** examines these risks, which may be even greater than the President thought. . . . Mr. Warner, an Australian journalist covering Far Eastern affairs, also sends a report on the rising crisis in Dutch New Guinea, where there is great danger that the dispute between Dutch and Indonesians will erupt into bloodshed over a territory that is of no conceivable value to either and that will be only a burden to whoever inherits it. . . . **Donald Pfarrer,** who is with the Hartford *Courant,* reports on a situation that has developed in Norwalk, Connecticut, where the rights of a Negro as an individual are seemingly in irreparable conflict with his long-run interests as a member of the Negro race. . . . It is reassuring to hear of a contingent of Peace Corpsmen in Tanganyika who apparently mean business. **John P. Nugent** is chief African correspondent for *Newsweek.* . . . **Julius Duscha** of the Washington *Post* discusses the first Federal project to aid our own "underdeveloped areas."

Alfred Kazin, who is giving the Christian Gauss lectures at Princeton, is also scheduled to give a course on modern fiction at the New School. . . . **Fred Grunfeld** is the author of *Music and Recording* (Oxford) and now lives in Mallorca, where he is working on a novel that will appear next year. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **James Kritzeck** is assistant professor of Oriental studies at Princeton. His *Islamic Literature* will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a free-lance writer. . . . **William Lee Miller** teaches in the department of Social Ethics at the Yale Divinity School.

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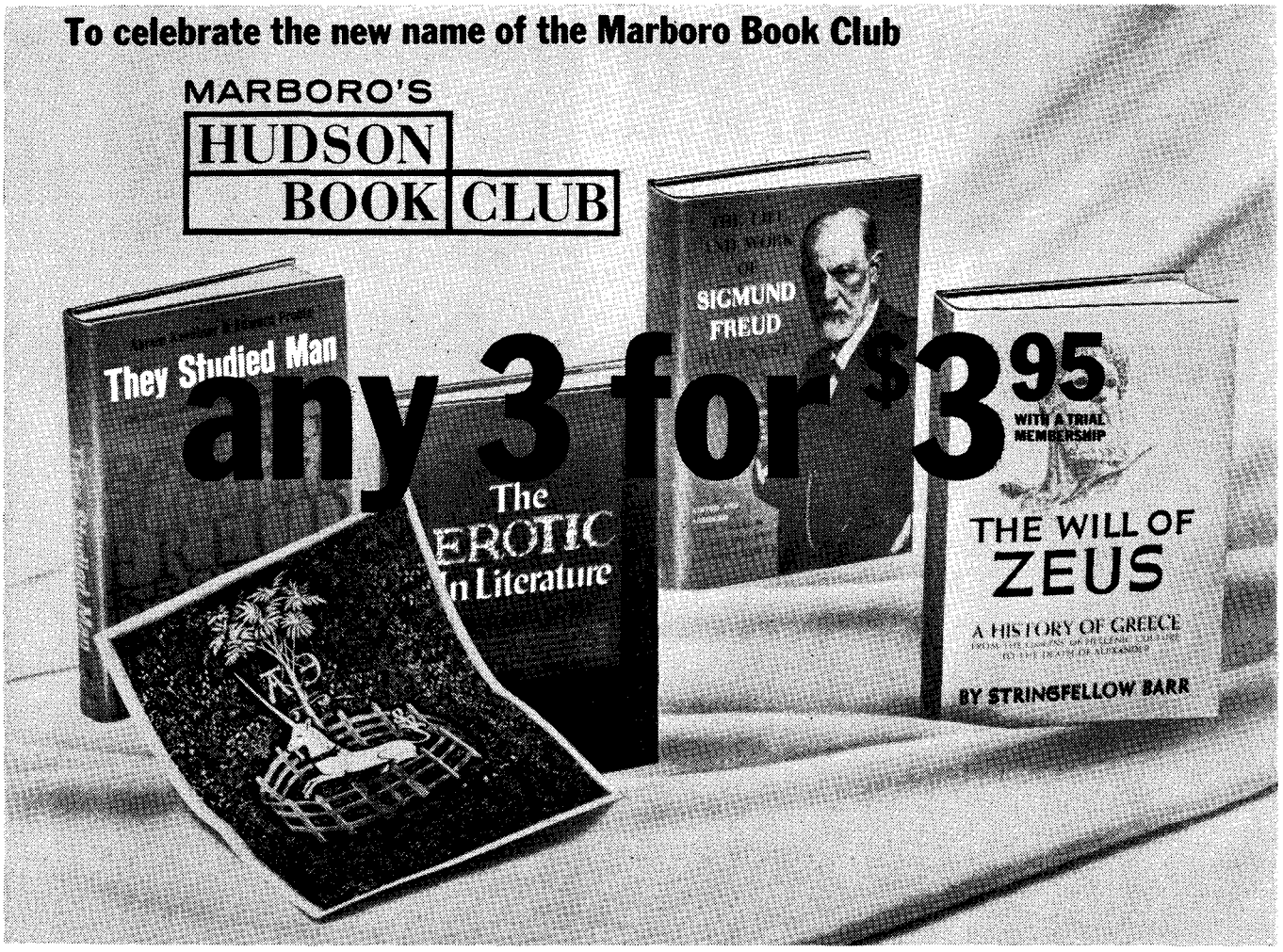

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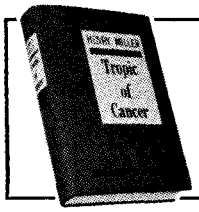

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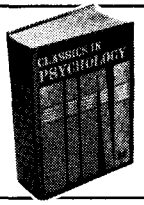

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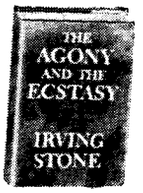

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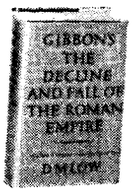

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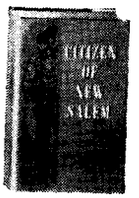

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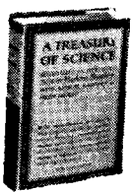

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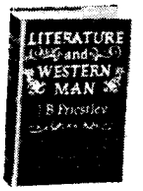

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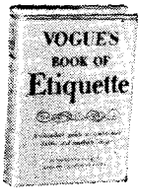

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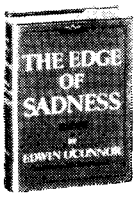

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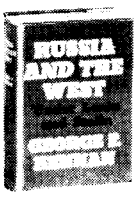

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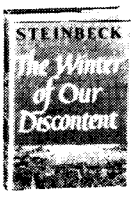

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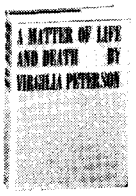

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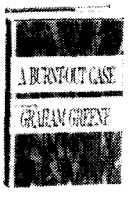

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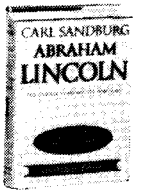

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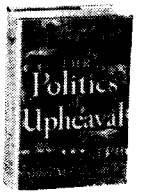

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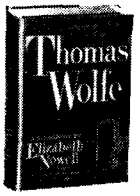

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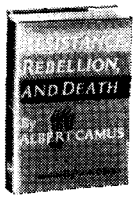

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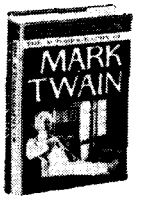

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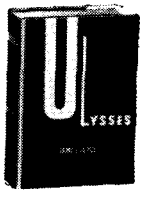

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ALLIANCES

To the Editor: I have just received a gift subscription from one of your long-addicted readers, and after reading my first issue (January 4) I feel compelled to write you and relate the joy and satisfaction received from the articles and notably from your editorial, "To Stop This Madness." It is refreshing to find incisive criticism of our neutralist-pleasing foreign policy from a liberal magazine. This is the source from which effective criticism must come.

PAUL J. BOUDREAUX
Clifton, New Jersey

To the Editor: Edmond Taylor's essay on the Paris meetings ("NATO Tries Positive Thinking," *The Reporter*, January 4) is not so much a report as it is an editorial disguised as a series of quotations. I trust, however, that he does not share the view that the Yalta Conference was an "agreement on the part of the giant powers to carve up the world among them." If he does, I should like to know what parts of the world fell to the share of Great Britain and the United States. On the other hand, perhaps he believes that the allied armies should and could have continued eastward in 1945 and driven the Russians back to their 1939 boundaries.

Surely there are other Europeans who recognize that the aim of the United States and the United Nations in Katanga is to prevent the Congo's becoming an African Spain, with Communism on one side and the West (and colonialism) on the other.

Finally, and overlooking a number of other extreme and questionable views which Mr. Taylor seems to be cloaking with authority, what of the nonsense that France may "seek what safety it can find in a separate pact with Soviet Russia"? Safety from what? Rapacious NATO imperialism?

CHARLES P. MILES
Menlo Park, California

TVA

To the Editor: John Ed Pearce and *The Reporter* have performed a genuine public service in discussing TVA's change in course ("The Creeping Conservatism of TVA," *The Reporter*, January 4). We Southerners who have witnessed TVA's transformation have been saddened by it. The agency was conceived as an immense experiment in human resource conservation and rehabilitation, and for nearly two decades it succeeded remarkably well. However, in the last ten years it has been transformed into a gargantuan public-power corporation which subordinates virtually all other considerations to the production of low-cost electricity.

In its new role it has inspired strip mining on a grand scale, a process which is physically wrecking broad areas in the Southern mountains. Thus an agency of the Federal government is contributing tremendously to the waste of timber, soil, and water.

HARRY M. CAUDILL
Whitesburg, Kentucky

To the Editor: As a veteran TVA employee (since 1933), I may be a mite prejudiced, but I hasten to reassure you about the matters Mr. Pearce raises. The charges of "creeping conservatism" in TVA are groundless. Joe Sir, Dave Lilienthal, and John Ed Pearce to the contrary notwithstanding, I would ease the concern anyone may have that TVA is not a vital moving force. In concert with local people and local government, TVA will continue to be a dynamic force in the development of this region and thus the nation, as it has since its inception.

ASHFORD TODD, JR.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

SLUMS

To the Editor: I have read with great interest Barbara Carter's "The Biggest Slumlord on the Block," which appeared in the January 4 issue of *The Reporter*. The story reflects Miss Carter's deep and sensitive concern with the tragic problems of people who are compelled to live on some of the "worst blocks in town." I believe that your readers will also be interested in the larger focus in which West 84th Street may be viewed.

My first public activity in connection with West 84th Street occurred in May, 1960, when Mayor Wagner asked me to report on conditions on the block. In my report, which was widely covered in the daily press, I stated that the buildings on that block had been overused and undermaintained for such a long period that there was no hope of upgrading them in their present structural condition. I recommended that the area below West 87th Street be surveyed and planned for intensive Federally assisted urban renewal activities. I also stated that pending the development and execution of this plan, the city should continue holding operations to prevent further deterioration. The Mayor and the then very new Housing and Redevelopment Board acted promptly. Within weeks the Board of Estimate authorized the Housing Board to apply for planning funds to the Housing and Home Finance Agency. The Federal agency allocated these funds, and the Museum General Neighborhood Renewal Plan should be completed this spring.

During the winter and spring of 1960-1961, it was apparent that further and more extensive holding operations were necessary to contain the rapidly accelerating spread of social and physical blight pending the Museum study and final approval of the West Side Urban Renewal Program, which will operate in an area between 87th Street and 97th Street, east of Amsterdam Avenue. In May, 1961, two months before the 84th Street riot, the Board of Estimate appropriated $300,000 for this and similar purposes.

The West 84th Street riot in early July, which was so widely publicized, accelerated the opening of the 84th Street office by three or four weeks. Since then the West Side area from 79th Street to 104th Street has been organized into two Area Services projects and two Neighborhood Conservation projects. The latter operate in more stable sections of the area where blight has only begun to make its inroads. We have been able to recruit a remarkable staff, including sociologists, lawyers, social workers, and housing experts for our West Side projects. They are supervised by Mrs. Juliet Brudney, who is a widely known and respected action-oriented sociologist.

The heat of the summer and of the recent election campaign had one effect. Continuous and sometimes fanciful reporting was focused on "Operation 84th Street." In my meetings with reporters and on the air, I cautioned that improvement would only be noted after many months of the most painstaking effort. Some newspapers carried this warning. Others chose such unrealistic headlines as "Miracle on 84th Street." There is no miracle on 84th Street except for the miracle of devoted, committed, and intelligent work of members of my staff, scores of other municipal employees, including the valiant staff of the Department of Real Estate, and devoted citizen volunteers.

However difficult the job of social and physical rehabilitation, this city is determined to re-create the entire West Side area as a place in which families of all incomes and all races can raise their children decently. I am proud to be a part of this mighty effort.

HORTENSE W. GABEL
Assistant to the Mayor for Housing
New York City

ITALY

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's "The Communist Roadblock in Italian Politics" (January 4) is the finest thing I have read on the seeming paradox of a flourishing Communist Party in a generally flourishing Italy. But I take issue with one relatively small point in Mrs. Sterling's article. I believe it is incorrect to speak of "Italy's huge co-operative movement, which has been under Communist control since 1947." It is true that Communist-dominated co-operatives are numerous, are large and well managed. But co-operatives not under Communist domination are even more numerous though smaller and less well managed. It is a pity that in the years when U.S. influence in Italy was more massive, we did not channel a substantial part of our assistance into strengthening the non-Communist co-operatives. Perhaps it is not too late to do so.

ANTONIO A. MICOCCI
Washington, D.C.

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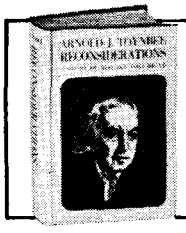

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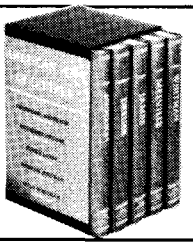

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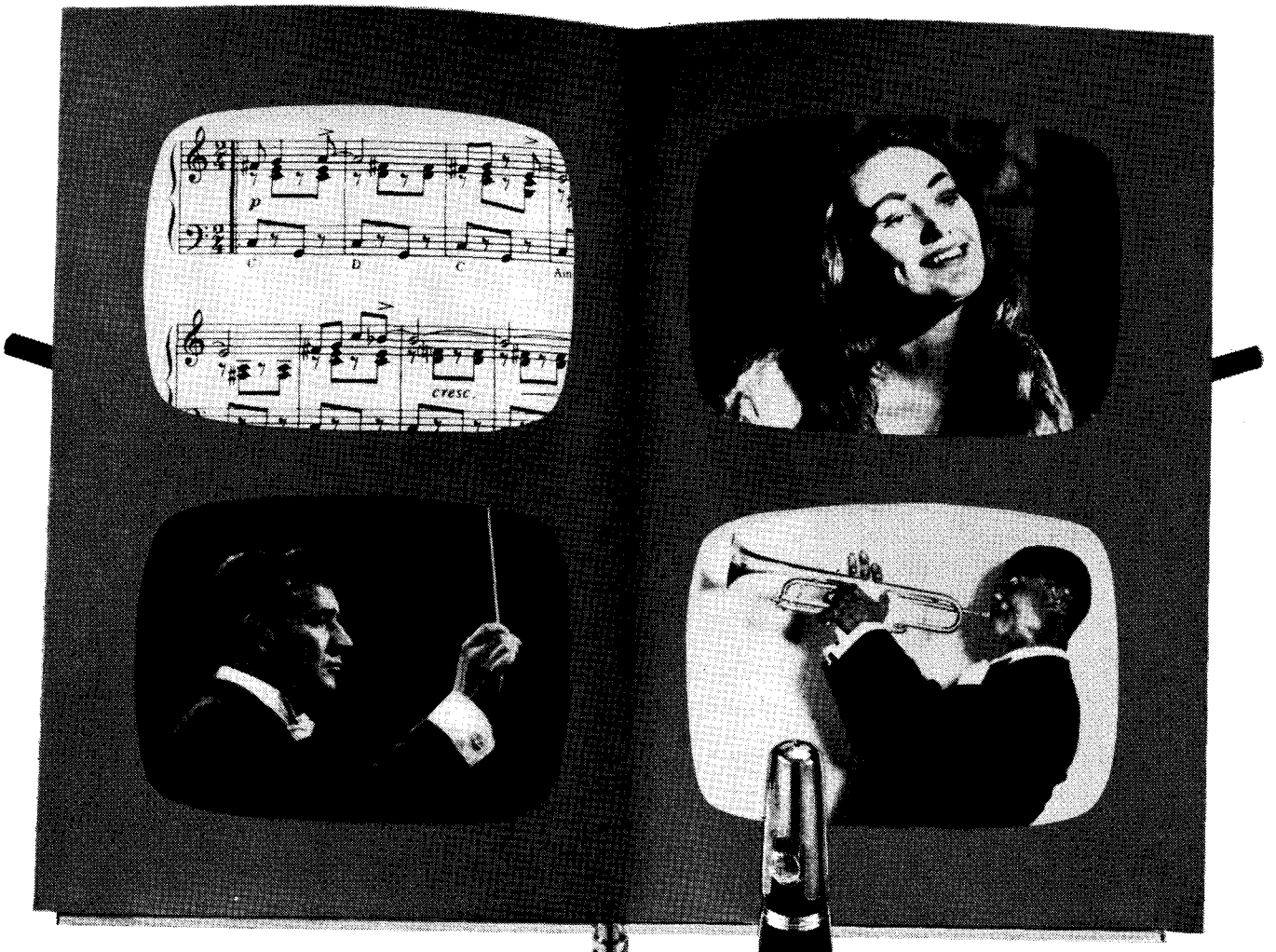

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Arsenic and Old Lace
Boris Karloff and Dorothy Stickney.
Monday, February 5 (9:30-11 PM)

Bernstein and N. Y. Philharmonic in Japan
Tuesday, February 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Henry Fonda and the Family
Comedy portrait of the American family.
Tuesday, February 6 (8:30-9:30 PM)

The Jail
Science fiction fantasy by Ray Bradbury.
Tuesday, February 6 (10-11 PM)

The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe
Julie Andrews, Richard Burton, Maurice Chevalier, Stanley Holloway.
Sunday, February 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Sea Dragon . . . under the Ice
Underwater conquest of Northwest Passage.
Monday, February 12 (7-7:30 PM)

Howard K. Smith
New series of weekly news analyses.
Begins Wednesday, February 14 (7:30-8 PM)

A Tour of the White House with Mrs. Kennedy
Wednesday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

Winter Carnival at Sun Valley
Louis Armstrong and Roberta Peters.
Friday, February 23 (10-11 PM)

The Love of Three Kings (In English)
Opera with Phyllis Curtin and Giorgio Tozzi.
Sunday, February 25 (3-5 PM)

Judy Garland Show
With Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.
Sunday, February 25 (9-10 PM)

White Paper: Red China
Sunday, February 25 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

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Mondays:	EXPEDITION!
Wednesdays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Thursdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	EYEWITNESS CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Saturdays:	ACCENT ASK WASHINGTON
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE WASHINGTON CONVERSATION MEET THE PROFESSOR DIRECTIONS '62 ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS 1, 2, 3—GO! WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR

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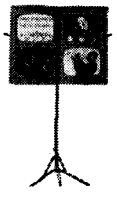

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Kremlin on the Couch

For the past two years desperate souls have been scribbling "STAMP OUT MENTAL HEALTH" all over New York's subway stations. There may be something in it. We are thinking, for instance, of the growing trend to apply psychiatric wisdom to just about any problem and, more particularly, of a long article that appeared in the New York *Times* magazine not long ago by Baron Taylor of Harlow, entitled "Deep Analysis of the Russian Mind." Lord Taylor, a British psychiatrist, had a bash at explaining Soviet policy in terms of mania, depression, anxiety, schizophrenia, paranoia, hysteria, and obsessional states and after examining the distressing case history reached the conclusion that the Russian people had an unhappy childhood.

We must admit that when we came to Lord Taylor's description of hysterical behavior ("Satisfaction is never achieved; as soon as one target is reached, it loses its savor and the hysteric must press on to something else"), it occurred to us that we have noticed something of the kind ourselves about the Russians—in Berlin, for instance—and the prescribed treatment made equal sense: ". . . he usually stops short when up against an unassailable and dangerous reality—hence the value of absolute firmness in blocking the hysteric's advance." But then we learned from Lord Taylor that hysteria was one of the few disorders from which the Soviet psyche is *not* suffering. Consequently, "no amount of threatening or standing firm" will deflect the Soviet Union from its objectives. The doctor, after a careful consideration of the patient's difficulties, orders a policy of "friendship."

Friendship will not be achieved, of course, without more "understanding" on our part. We must realize that the Russians tend toward manic-depression, for example. Depression in their psyches leads to determinism in their philosophy which leads to disregard of the individual in their society. Accordingly, "Our concern for individual liberty must be as strange to them as their unconcern is to us."

In addition to being more understanding, we must stop behaving with the inconsiderateness of an authoritarian parent who has failed to read Gesell and just keeps making things worse. The West has aggravated Russian anxieties, for one thing, by fourteen invasions in the last 150 years, and we are not tak-

(*Continued on page 16*)

MAN BITES DOG

"Sherwood H. Egbert, president of the Studebaker-Packard Corporation, was arrested tonight on a charge of disorderly conduct brought by a striking employee."—New York Times.

It may not be cricket to threaten a picket,
But Sherwood H. Egbert, by golly, has done it;
If a fellow can't stick it he just has to lick it
And if this is rebellion, then Egbert's begun it.

Whatever the justice of Egbert's bold thrust is,
Americans all have the right of objecting;
The point Egbert's fight has brought sharply to light is:
Does stricken or striker now need the protecting?

—SEC

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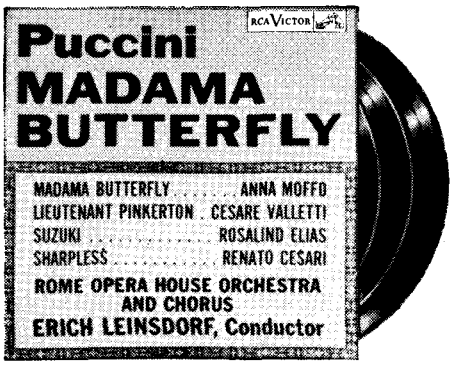

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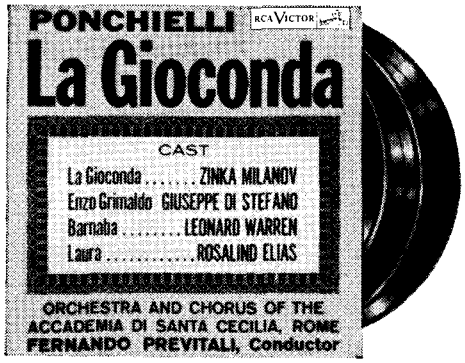
952. TURANDOT—Puccini. This exotic tale of an Emperor's daughter and her strange vow scintillates with the delightfully lilting melodies which characterize Puccini's operatic masterpieces. Birgit Nilsson, Renata Tebaldi, Jussi Bjoerling, Giorgio Tozzi. Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. 3-record album.



776. LA GIOCONDA—Ponchielli. "It has everything—vitality, vast lyric inspiration, dramatic punch, theatrical pace . . . crashing splendor. You will hear singing that brings the so-called 'Golden Age of Opera' right up to date." N. Y. Herald Tribune Zinka Milanov, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Leonard Warren. Fernando Previtali, conductor. 3-record album.

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ing their paranoia into account. Pure paranoia, Lord Taylor points out, "combines suspicion with organized tortuosity." The paranoid often appears dishonest because "he suspects duplicity in others." He, on the other hand, "is, in fact, scrupulously honest." If we can convince him that his suspicions are ill founded—that we are as honest as he is—"the tortuosity does not matter."

A fig, then, for tortuosity. We had to look it up in Webster's anyway. If we behave ourselves, the patient will probably recover. "They have got to find things out for themselves," as any psychiatrist will tell you. "The most we can do is try to understand them, and tell them the truth as we see it."

It crossed our minds to wonder how, if we can't afford medical care for our own aged, we are going to find the funds to subsidize psychoanalysis for the Russian population. But Lord Taylor has a comforting answer: "All we need to do is to convince the few hundred thousand key thinkers in all walks of life in Russia; they will in due course see to it that their policies are adjusted." Our chief concern, then, should be that those who take over the group-therapy aspects of our foreign policy don't start putting out propaganda that is "insulting to their intelligence."

With all due respect to the New York *Times* (and somewhat less to Lord Taylor), would it be paranoid to ask a little more respect for our own intelligence?

Mr. Sam's Successor

The battle to fill Mr. Rayburn's seat in the House from Texas's Fourth Congressional district may prove a great deal more explosive than the election of his successor as Speaker. The leading candidate for the runoff election that is to be held on January 30 is State Senator Ray Roberts, who, despite his claims to be a Democrat and an old Rayburn protégé, declares himself against such administration policies as Federal aid to education, medical benefits for the aged through Social Security, and aid to Yugoslavia. His opponent, former District Judge R. C. "Bob" Slagle, long Rayburn's campaign manager, challenges Rob-

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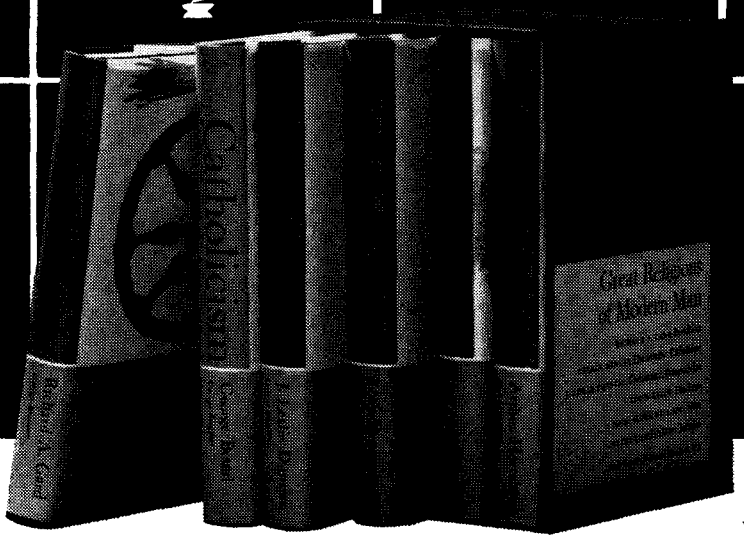

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erts both as a Democrat and a Rayburn protégé. He has produced a letter from Miss Alla Clary, Rayburn's secretary for forty-two years, refuting Roberts's campaign publicity that he served as Rayburn's assistant for several years. The records show, according to Miss Clary, that twenty years ago Roberts worked for one year as a clerk in the Speaker's office.

Slagle and his associates have become especially interested in a freak accident that occurred in Rayburn's own home town of Bonham: On December 6, there was an explosion of a camp stove on one of several trailer coaches being used as campaign vans to promote Roberts. The trailer was destroyed, and its driver, Eddie Lang, suffered injuries. After his recovery, Lang got himself a lawyer who proceeded to look into the matter of damages.

It turns out that the owner of the trailer is a Dallas concern, Texas Trailercoach, Inc. The party who leased the trailers, according to testimony furnished investigators, was Ling-Temco-Vought Corporation, a large airframe and electronic manufacturer in Texas. According to a copy of the contract, which has subsequently been made available to FBI agents, Ling-Temco-Vought hired five trailers and drivers to be made available to Roberts's campaign. Slagle's supporters claim that it was a clear violation of the Corrupt Practices Act for a corporation to donate "things of value" to a candidate. Reportedly, Ling-Temco-Vought officials now assert that they were merely serving as guarantors for the lease and that the bill was to be paid by a building contractor in Dallas.

The whole thing poses a sticky problem for the Kennedy administration. Prosecution under the Corrupt Practices Act, an instrument riddled with loopholes, is a thankless job at best. There are additional obstacles in Texas, where a number of touchy political interests, including those of the Vice-President, are said to be intimately involved.

But Slagle's men point out that there are also dangers in ignoring the matter. If the Democrats don't bring it into the open, they claim, the Republicans in Texas will be only too happy to do it for them.

GREAT NEWS FROM BRUSSELS

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

It will be some time before the common farm policy adopted recently at Brussels contributes anything to the economic integration of Europe; even the passage into the critical second stage of the Common Market made possible by the farm accord is not likely to have any revolutionary effects in the immediate future. But the political and psychological impact of the hard-won victory on the agricultural front is already being felt in other areas. Indeed, it now looks as if United Europe were over the hump at last. One tangible evidence of the new spirit since Brussels is the reviving interest in creating European political structures to keep pace with the developing economic integration.

A modest step in this direction was taken last fall when an international committee of experts presented the so-called Fouchet plan based on General de Gaulle's original proposals for an embryonic European political authority. Immediately, however, the project came under heavy fire and a series of Byzantine quarrels stalled any fruitful consideration of it. The fanatical supranationalists attacked the plan as a step away from their ideal of instant European unity because it left control of Europe's common destiny in the hands of a council of governmental heads, each one representing a sovereign state with a power of veto. The confederalists retorted that this was the only safe path to the goal of a European commonwealth. The impatient integrationists clamored for machinery to institutionalize the common purpose, while the French government and its supporters insisted that the member nations should begin by hammering out a common policy.

The stalemate was total, and the Fouchet plan had to be laid aside until after the farm talks at Brussels. Now the governments have taken it up again—the first meeting of experts since last December was convoked in Paris on January 18 in an attempt to break the deadlock—and in well-informed European circles it is felt that its chances of eventual adoption have radically improved. In fact, despite de Gaulle's reluctance to delegate any more authority than his original proposals envisaged, the governments may find themselves swept along by the European momentum and end by accepting something much bolder than the Fouchet plan.

In any case, the happy ending in Brussels—where the proceedings at one moment seemed perilously close to turning into tragedy—has demonstrated the futility of the doctrinal controversies between the supranational integrationists and their adversaries. Without the skilled intervention of the supranational Common Market commissions staff—particularly that of its secretary, Robert Marjolin—it is widely agreed here that a compromise on the farm plan might never have been achieved. On the other hand, it was the stubborn French refusal to embark on the second stage of the Common Market until a really meaningful common farm program had been worked out as stipulated in the Treaty of Rome that directly led to the Brussels triumph.

It is doubtful that if the decision had lain with a supranational authority its members would have been able to muster a majority for imposing on the minority a farm program that so vitally affected the interests of such strongly entrenched national pressure groups. But the ministers of the sovereign powers who met in Brussels realized that if they did not reach agreement in the end—and reach it by a reasonable deadline—it would be a mortal setback to the whole idea of European unity. They were determined not to let this happen and their common political purpose ultimately triumphed over all the special interests that stood in its way, thereby achieving the most convincing affirmation of Europe's irrevocable will to unite since the Treaty of Rome itself was signed.

The full implications of this victory may not be apparent for awhile yet. Apart from the improved chances for agreement on a European political authority and a new speeding up of the Common Market schedule for lowering tariff barriers, it is likely to make Britain's entry into the market both harder to effect and more rewarding when it is effected. Similarly, the United States is likely to find Europe an increasingly demanding as well as an increasingly valuable economic partner. But the reawakening of Europe's confidence in its own destiny is also likely to have far-reaching political consequences outside of Europe.

"It is high time the nations represented here react against the countries which seek to humiliate them," declared an Italian delegate at the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe in Strasbourg, speaking in support of a recent resolution demanding the liberation of the four French diplomats arrested by Nasser. The speaker was applauded and the resolution unanimously adopted.

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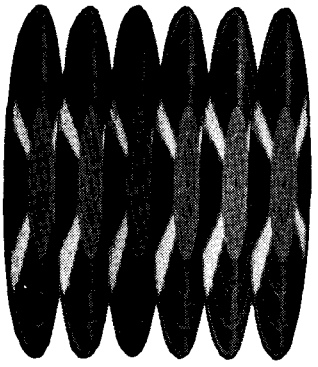

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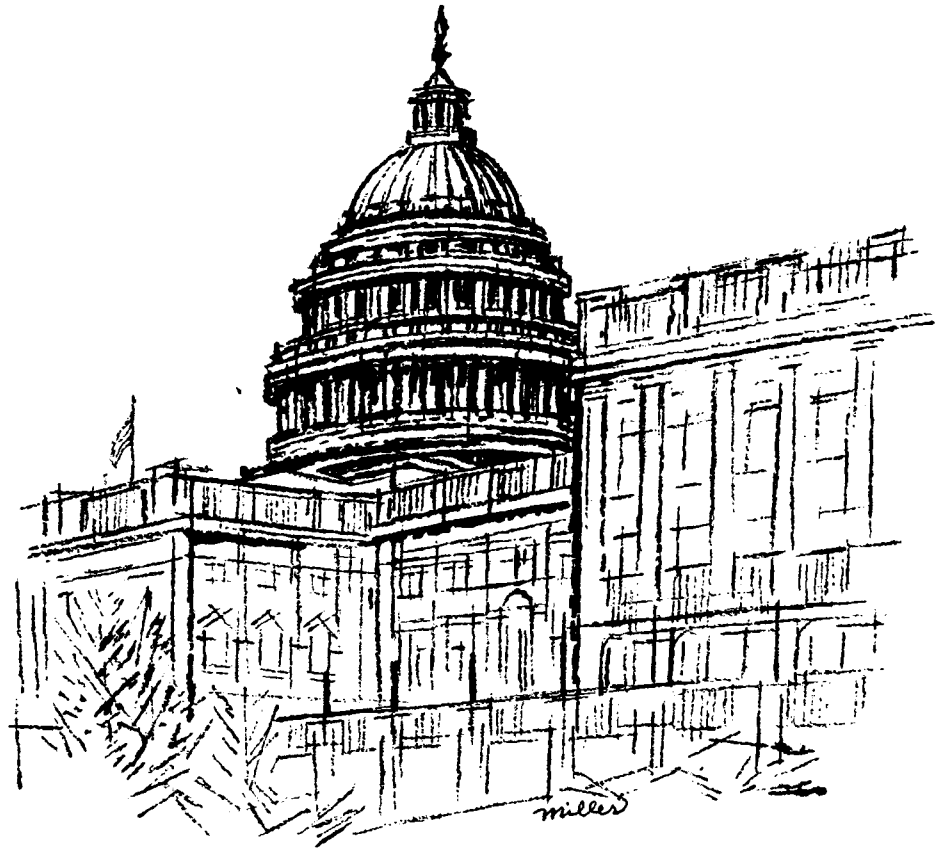

All Roads Lead to Washington

Notes from the National Capital

MAX ASCOLI

It took quite a while but it has happened: the national capital has become the Permanent Fair of the nation's politics, the city-sized reproduction of this continental country. From the marble headquarters of organized labor on the slopes of Capitol Hill to the buildings all around town, where national associations or substantial groups of interests are decorously housed, to the monuments dedicated to the memory of the nation's greatest men, our past and our present have found their point of convergence in Washington, D. C. And of course there are those eyesores, the squat, oversized departmental headquarters where the affairs of state are conducted; and the foreign embassies; and in the shadow of the Capitol, the big establishments where ambassadors from the fifty states of the Union do some of their part-time work as national legislators.

It can be truly said of our capital what once was said of Rome: all roads lead to Washington—all roads that carry political traffic. As the company town of national and international politics, Washington has become to an equal degree booming and nerve-racking.

It had been designed to be a city of politics, where the limited political powers of a Federal government were supposed to have their limited convergence. Now all the ties that regulate the behavior and discipline the interests of the greatest democracy are tightened or loosened from Washington, either directly by the Federal government or in relation to its policies. This does not mean that the Federal government has become omnipotent or has acquired total control over the citizens' lives; rather it means that the margin of independence of every organized interest can be safeguarded within the territorial boundaries of the national capital. Again, only what is political flows to Washington—and politics is not the whole of life, particularly for Americans.

Perhaps there is no other place like this in the world, no place where secrets are more openly talked about and more incessantly surmised or faked; no town where status is more rigidly respected, except perhaps Hollywood, or where dirty linen is washed more publicly, ex-

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cept perhaps Naples. That is the reason why Washington is, at the same time, the nation's Permanent Fair and its caricature. For ours is a country where politics, in the strictly professional sense of the term, is for most citizens the object of desultory interest and, in the broader or Aristotelian sense, is practiced in an underhand, semiclandestine way. Again, Washington is the high point of political concentration in a country that never had much taste for politics.

THERE IS some change, however, going on, in direct relation to the city's growth and to the world crisis. Washington is no less ingrown than it ever was; it has not ceased to be the provincial center, dedicated to producing images of the national whole. But the demand for this product has been steadily increasing of late. The people all over the country are more concerned with Washington, and Washington, in turn, has been doing its best to satisfy their concern. Television, radio, and the press do a tremendous job in spreading all over the land the notions or the delusions that the high practitioners of politics have about their trade.

This is particularly true since the beginning of the Kennedy administration. A phalanx of men has descended on the capital, eager to work hard and to be considered by the public at large pragmatic, realistic, tough, cool, smooth, brash—technicians of power, even if few of them have had any previous experience with power. And all of them, of course, are called bright and young.

It would not be too hard to examine one by one all these self-attributed, highly advertised virtues, and to reach the conclusion that they are challenged by the individual records of many of those involved. It would not take much to make a plausible case proving that thanks to an accident of our voting system, power has been acquired by a generation of middle-aged youngsters, a clannish assortment of publicists untested by the rigors of political responsibility as well as by the rigors of systematic, sustained thinking.

No matter how correct this could be in specific instances, it would be unfair to the group as a whole. The supreme danger facing our nation doesn't leave much of an alternative, either to the holders of power or to their critics. The former give all they have, and more: their zest for work, their ambitions, their sometimes half-baked theories that have been rushed from graduate seminars to be tested in the harsh competition with the Soviet Union. The critics had better hold their fire for occasions when, according to their conscience, to denounce the administration's policies is an inescapable duty.

The administration, from the President down, is learning by doing. Sometimes one has the feeling they keep peeking into a variety of "How To" books. There are several of these books available, some giving prescriptions for a lyrical conduct of the Presidency, some for what is called a Machiavellian use of power. Unfortunately, the Machiavellians are rather neglectful of Machiavelli, who has had no equal in teaching men how to gain a sense of history, how to win a margin of initiative in molding the history of their times. Be that as it may, sometimes one has the feeling that the actions of the Chief Executive are destined to provide footnotes for future editions of books already in print.

THERE IS no theory, no historical precedent, no new course of action that this administration is not entitled to utilize as well as it can in facing a crisis that is unprecedented in terms both of cumulative magnitude and of its component elements. A number of theoretical formulations of an emergency nature are being used by the administration as guide lines for action. There is, for instance, the "self" doctrine. If a backward nation can manage to be self-governing and somehow self-helping, then everything will end well. After a while, it will orbit. Sooner or later, it will rule itself with more or less competing political parties alternating in power, self-regulating trade unions, plus at least a potentially favorable balance of payments accompanied by a steadily rising standard of living.

The "self" doctrine is applied quite broadly to every country, irrespective of conditioning circumstances like size, technical proficiency, historical background, and so forth. We assume that if a nation is free and independent in respect to the outside world, its citizens too will be free and independent within its borders. We manage to be for amoebic nationalism in the backward areas and for supranationalism in Western Europe, for we see in both phenomena two different but by no means contradictory forms of self-development. Flexible as it is, this "self" doctrine can give us some advantages here and there, and if it thus spends itself, that will be no loss to political science.

BY LEAVING ample room for conflicts between branches of the government or between individuals in the government, the administration is falling back to the Darwinian tradition of the Roosevelt era. However, as has been said over and over again, there is a radical difference between this and all preceding administrations. "The torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans," as the President himself put it—to men born when the twentieth century was well on its way, and whose character and experience were forged during and after the Second World War.

It has been said, although never quite adequately explained, that there is a gulf between this generation and the preceding one. There may be something to this notion, considering the jaundiced eye with which the new torchbearers look at senior citizens who won't flatter them, and considering also how frequently, and particularly in Washington, men with extraordinary experience decline to pass judgment one way or another on the doings of statesmen younger than their sons. Or maybe all there is to this chatter about the generation chasm is a belated hangover from progressive education.

The new generation as represented by the men in power can well afford not to be too choosy in coining slogans, since it has to provide some kind of tentative answers to an overwhelming succession of emergencies. It has to deal with the balance of payments, and with the unity of Western Europe, and with the race to the moon, and with the insemina-

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tion of nationalism all over, no one knows whether provoked or trailed by the "revolution of rising expectations." It must further the growth of the Atlantic Community, which should proceed, it is to be hoped, at a faster tempo than the formation of coral reef. It must share power with a Legislative branch of government that is perhaps less suited to the reaching of fundamental decisions than that of any in the other leading democracies.

In coining their slogans the bright young men have been frequently rewarded by a success that may prove an evidence of prophetic talent. When it was first launched, at the beginning of the Kennedy Presidential campaign, the phrase "New Frontier" was nothing but a second-hand slogan that had already been used by Henry Wallace as the title for one of his books. Now, however, it has acquired a truly compelling meaning, since on top of all the other inescapable issues closing in on them, the men of the Kennedy administration have to face the steady advance of international Communism. They are manning the newest frontier, with no room to retreat, a frontier which, should it be overrun, could also be the last.

IT HAS HAPPENED several times already to the young administration during its brief tenure of office: its slogans and images have a way of anticipating reality. The President's popularity, as measured by the Gallup polls, is a thing to behold. It is a heartening thing, a generous credit opened for him in anticipation of future achievements. Perhaps the nation wants to compensate the President for the minimal majority it gave him. Or perhaps the nation approves of the President because he has kept us out of war, and because prosperity has increased since he took office. Or the people are grateful to him for being so tirelessly at work, trying to learn how to make the best use of his power while projecting a most attractive image of national leadership.

The President's popularity may not be reflected in Congressional constituencies, but certainly it has contributed to create an atmosphere of euphoria that radiates from Washington all over the nation, and in turn contributes to increase popular confidence in the President.

The press is largely responsible for the whole trend. It has not been indifferent to the glowing reports of how well things were going at the end of the year, all originating from the same source, which could have been no higher. The same optimistic glow was in the President's State of the Union message; and again the press, with very few exceptions, has shown its eagerness to co-operate.

Nowhere in the world is there anything like the position of the press in Washington, where, ubiquitous, ever-present, it has become an integral part of the establishment. The press is so close to government as to serve it like an accessory organ of self-awareness and of external projection. Particularly in this administration, it has been doing invaluable work in the manipulation of the Presidential image.

No other institution has so contributed to make of Washington the Permanent Fair of the nation's politics, the center from which the image of the nation is steadily, professionally projected. So professionally that the press, together with the other means of communication, keeps on perpetuating familiar delusions. It insists on talking about a Right and a Left in the political spectrum of our country—indeed, of an extreme Right and an extreme Left—in obedience to an assumption of symmetry in national politics. To satisfy this assumption, the press sustains the illusion that there are sharply defined, well-organized wings in our politics. But our politics is wingless. There seems to be a conspiracy to cover up the fact that we are all huddled at the Center, sometimes called dead and sometimes vital. This state of affairs offers desultory employment to a number of gentlemen who, whenever there is the need to represent a classically symmetrical pattern of politics, are kind enough to understudy roles that our political play hasn't got.

PERHAPS, after all, there has been some progress during this last year. One can become more hopeful when one gets away from Washington, where there is only politics and politics and politics, and then starts comparing the political notions going around the capital with the reality of the nation and of the world. No one can accuse the torchbearers of being loafers, and maybe by leading so many seminal ideas to early miscarriages, they are rendering a service both to culture and to politics. Perhaps that way we may ultimately get rid even of pragmatism. And certainly we must be grateful for having a national leader who already brilliantly represents, and some day we feel sure will fully grasp, the broad design of national policy.

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The View from Abroad

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"ONE CANNOT SAY that the foreign policy of the Kennedy administration has been a success so far," a European diplomatic observer here remarked recently, "but at least it's a novel blend of the admirable and the calamitous." This cocktail-party quip may not express the sober verdict of Europe's best minds, but it accurately reflects the ambivalent response of our allies to American leadership during the first year of the administration. Naturally the features of U.S. policy that are praised or criticized on this side of the Atlantic vary from country to country and from one opinion group to another. The weighting of favorable and unfavorable reactions fluctuates, both between groups and at different times within a single group. Since the low point in interallied harmony that was reached at the December meeting of the NATO Council, there has been an encouraging tendency among even the harshest French and German critics to reappraise American diplomacy with somewhat less severity.

The most admirable pages in the Kennedy administration's record, as officials and diplomats in this capital read it, are those which set forth the U.S. military reaction to the Berlin crisis: the increase in the national defense budget, the calling up of reservists, the activation of two divisions, and the recent spectacular airlift of reinforcements to Europe. These measures are hailed not only as convincing gestures of our determination not to retreat beyond a certain point but also as substantive and greatly needed contributions to western security.

It is worth noting, however, that European appreciation of the Kennedy defense policies is much higher in parliamentary circles, where the sacrifices and political risks are evaluated with a trained eye, than with the politically minded public at large. Somehow the administration's spokesmen and information services have not as yet brought home to the masses in Europe the full extent of the military effort that has been undertaken in the common interest by the American government, the American taxpayer, and the American citizen-soldier.

ONLY SLIGHTLY NARROWER than the consensus of approval on American defense policies is the consensus of disapproval in regard to our U.N. policy, particularly our support of U.N. military intervention in Katanga. "Encouraging the unification of the Congo is a sound program," a responsible French spokesman said to me recently, "but allowing the U.N. to try to impose it by force was a really catastrophic aberration of American policy. You could have achieved your objectives without bloodshed or economic upheaval if you had stayed aloof from the private feud that the U.N. officials in the Congo have been conducting with Tshombe. Instead of strengthening the position of Acting Secretary-General U Thant, you have complicated it—he is much more aware of the dangers in the situation than some of the improvisers in your State Department are. It's a very risky thing to permit soldiers hired by Indians in Nepal to determine the outcome of tribal power struggles in Africa. And it's even worse to encourage every tribalism in Africa to bid for U.N. military help in realizing its ambitions or settling its old scores. It's not just colonialists like us but also a number of independent African governments who are frightened and indignant about the Congo precedent."

French disapproval of the Katanga operation—which is felt so strongly that the French government even deplores U.N. support for Léopoldville's subsequent crackdown on Antoine Gizenga—is widely echoed throughout Europe, including neutral Switzerland. In many European quarters, confidence in the U.N. itself has been radically shaken by the Katanga affair, Goa, and other developments.

"Far from wanting to strengthen an institution that seems to be escaping from western influence," *Le Monde* editorialized on the eve of the recent Anglo-American talks in Washington, "the [British] Conservative government would really prefer to see the U.N.'s activities limited, thereby reducing its chances for working against western interests."

Needless to say, Mr. Kennedy's allusions to the U.N. in his State of the Union message aroused little enthusiasm among our European allies. "Your President will never find a single European to share his belief that the U.N. is our instrument and our hope," a European diplomat here said somewhat sweepingly. "Fortunately for the alliance, I doubt very much that he really believes it himself."

On the plus side of the ledger there is fairly general admiration of the administration's efforts to strengthen the economic and political unity of the West by putting pressure on Britain to join the European Economic Community, and by proposing themselves to enter into a close partnership with the Common Market. The positive European reaction to this vital phase of American policy is only slightly marred by fears that Congress will not approve the tariff concessions to the Common Market group that the President is urging, and by controversy between those Europeans who feel that the widening of the Common Market at this time may dangerously dilute its European character and those who on the contrary reproach the United States for not moving ahead faster with the creation of a broad Atlantic Community.

"AT FIRST it really was a bit disturbing," said an allied diplomat who had spent some time in Washington in the early months of the Kennedy administration. "I was constantly reminded of those bright, well-intentioned, doctrinaire young men around Léon Blum in the days of the French Popular Front. There are many like them about Washington today, but dealing with Khrushchev has taught them a lot. They're not so doctrinaire any more. I have the impression the administration is shaking down—but perhaps we had better wait to see how the Berlin affair turns out."

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Sékou Touré Turns His Back On the World

PHILIPPE DECRAENE

PARIS

THE REPUBLIC OF GUINEA is passing through its most severe crisis since independence. After its refusal to join the new Franco-African community during the plebiscite of September, 1958, Guinea today is suffering grave economic difficulties, and the authority of its government appears to be more and more seriously shaken. When Sékou Touré greeted General de Gaulle in Conakry in August, 1958, just a few days before calling upon his compatriots to vote "No" on the proposal to join the community, Touré said, "We prefer poverty in freedom to wealth in slavery." Today there is no question of the poverty: the population of Guinea has the lowest standard of living of all the peoples who composed the former French West Africa. Furthermore, having rejected France's overtures, Touré's republic now finds itself with few friends in either West or East.

When I arrived by plane in Guinea's capital, coming from Accra, I was struck by the appalling condition of the city. Everywhere the streets are full of potholes, the gutters and drains are choked up, the sidewalks are caved in. Conakry looks like an abandoned village that will soon be reclaimed by the jungle. There is none of the building activity that is now characteristic of all the ports of the west coast from Dakar to Douala. Since the country's economic instability discourages the investment of private capital, the only large buildings under construction are the work of the state itself, with the assistance of Communist experts. Thus the state is building a polytechnical institute, an open-air theater, and a modern hotel. The airport is being enlarged and will soon be available for modern jets.

Supplies are arriving erratically. The time has passed when Soviet fuel and sugar poured in to be sent off by the truckload to the nearby republics of Mali or Senegal. The Soviet Union has practically stopped sending in consumer goods. Where there was abundance at the beginning of 1959, there is now a lack of everything. But it is not so much the lack of goods that affects Conakry as the irregularity of their arrival. This is partly due to the apathy of the employees in the state organizations handling imports and partly to the intricate steps involved in bringing even the simplest import into Guinea. The many forms that must be filled out in order to get merchandise through the customs uselessly complicate all commercial transactions. To make matters worse, the various government services are riddled with graft, in spite of severe penalties for those who are caught. The story goes that Touré himself often goes shopping incognito in government stores, and that each time he has done so, the result has been an avalanche of fines.

Failure of the Franc

No doubt this lack of any sense of civic duty goes far to explain the failure of Guinea's much talked-about Three-Year Plan. There can be no question of Touré's personal integrity or of that of a few of his ministers. Many government officials, however, set a deplorable example, driving in Mercedes cars, building new houses which they then proceed to rent for embassies, wearing clothes tailored in Paris or London—all in striking contrast with the daily sacrifices that the average citizen is called upon to make.

Out of a total investment of forty billion francs as originally set forth in the Three-Year Plan, ten billion were to come from local savings. The plan did not take into account the catastrophic consequences of the creation of a Guinean franc in March, 1960. Today that franc is worthless. It is not backed by gold or by any foreign currency, and as far as one can see it has not the slightest economic resource to support it. The exchange rate of the Guinean franc is arbitrarily set at two old French francs (or about two-fifths of a cent), but it is procurable everywhere at a much lower rate. Farmers in the interior of the country refuse to exchange their produce for these bits of paper, preferring to hide their grain or smuggle it into Senegal or Mali, thus aggravating the dearth of grain in the townships. Although the production of rice, the basis of the local diet, has increased markedly during the last two years, Guinea still has to import more and more tons of it every month. And here again the supply is irregular.

There is often no meat whatsoever for several days of the week in the towns and villages. Hundreds of head of cattle are driven across the frontiers of neighboring countries where their owners can get payment in a stable currency.

The weakness of the Guinean franc discourages investment in spite of the fact that foreign businesses are not permitted to transfer their capital elsewhere. Trade between Guinea and the rest of the world is decreasing. This monetary uncertainty is all the greater because no one seems to know exactly the volume of Guinean bank notes in circulation. These notes are printed in Prague, brought in in sealed cases, and apparently delivered to the Guinean government without any precise inventory being made public.

THE POLITICAL DISCONTENT of the Guineans is largely related to the state of the country's economy. It starts with traders and businessmen who have been ruined by the disappearance of their traditional activities. Forced into the black market and illegality, they upset the balance of available goods and thus increase local uneasiness.

The Catholic minority, resentful because its leader, Monsignor de Milleville, was expelled last August,

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has gone into covert opposition. The leaders of Guinea's Democratic Party are well aware of the fact. These Africans have inherited, among many other French traditions, a tradition of radical French anti-clericalism. At their national conference in Labé, they demanded the expulsion from Guinea of all non-African priests. The Moslems, too, are withholding their support from a régime that has shown its mistrust of Moslem schools.

Labé, a holy city, the center of a district which in September, 1958, distinguished itself by casting twenty-three thousand "Yes" votes in favor of the Franco-African Community (against forty-seven thousand "No" votes) has been placed under the rule of the former head of the Guinean forces sent to fight under the U.N. banner in the Congo, General Diane Lansana. This officer's brutality is a byword throughout Guinea, as is the violence of his anti-European feeling. Last November he had his troops open fire on a crowd of demonstrators, killing three people according to some reports, and ten according to others. This did not increase Touré's popularity.

The animists of upper Guinea also have had to suffer from the arbitrary decisions of district commanders and above all from those of Touré's political commissars, who last year attempted to destroy the sacred forests and burn the masks and fetishes of the Macenta and Nzerekore tribes. In several villages there have been clashes between government forces and villagers determined to defend their religious rites.

'Death to Sékou!'

But the extent to which the Guinean president's authority has been undermined is shown most clearly by what his ministers have called "the teachers' plot." Last November a number of teachers, dissatisfied with their salaries, drew up a memorandum to the government in which they asked for a readjustment. Although the document was only a moderate statement of their case, the government used it as an excuse to strike at the opposition. At the meeting of the National Confederation of Guinean Workers, the president violently attacked the teachers' organization and its principal leaders, Keita Koumendian and Mamadou Traore, the latter also known as Ray Autra. Keita Koumendian, a fervent Moslem and a personal adversary of Touré's, is a former leader of the African Bloc of Guinea, a rival to Touré's Democratic Party. As for Ray Autra, a former employee in the ministry of information, his anarchist, Marxist, and independent spirit had never pleased the present government. On November 19, a high court of justice was hastily set up and sat in secret session. It released seven prisoners and on November 23 condemned Autra and Koumendian to ten years' imprisonment. Three of their friends were given five years. The day after the verdict, the students of the technical schools of Donka just outside Conakry, encouraged and probably organized by their professors, reacted violently. Classroom walls and blackboards were covered with such inscriptions as "Sékou, you have betrayed us!" and "Death to Sékou Touré!"

After rioting that lasted all day, the government reacted brutally when night fell. The school buildings were surrounded by members of the party's youth organization, backed up by the army. A mob from the slums of Conakry joined with the young party muscle men in attacking the students, most of them hardly more than children. Many were badly hurt. The students were taken in trucks to the military camp of Alpha Yaya, as dreaded throughout Guinea as is the central police station in the capital. They were beaten, left outdoors without food or drink, and finally sent back to their families in special trains or army trucks. The party's political bureau then decided to close the schools.

Repressive measures against the opposition were intensified after Sékou Touré, in a speech at Conakry, had spoken of "imperialist plotting" and of "foreign enemies" and had specifically indicted "the embassies of the East." Dozens of people were arrested in the capital, among them a journalist of the Guinean press agency, Diallo Alpha Ibrahima Diawara, who is thought to have been tortured and killed. The radio accused him of being the mastermind of the plot, and of having engaged in "systematic economic espionage." He was also charged with being a militant Communist and with maintaining constant contact with eastern embassies. Radio Conakry hammered on the "sinister Diawara's" connection with "foreigners" and cited his collaboration with several western newspapers, among them the *Financial Times* of London. Then, in the best tradition of the Chinese People's courts, the speaker read a letter from the father of the accused man, which he said was "an example of what makes our great party so strong." The letter congratulated the government and called for severe punishment for the plotters and added: "They are no longer our children, for they have betrayed us."

THE USE OF TERROR is nothing new in Guinea. In 1959, thieves were executed publicly in order to intimidate the masses, and after the first "plot," that of April, 1960, when a labor inspector was brought before a firing squad, torture by electricity became the usual accompaniment of questioning.

In Guinea, more than in any other country of the western coast of Africa, the traveler feels that he is in a police state. In Conakry every telephone is tapped. Letters are held up by the censor and are often delivered in a condition intended to show that they have been opened and read.

Often the government takes arbitrary decisions that are never explained by any official declaration. Foreign correspondents are prevented from performing their duties. Americans, Russians, Czechs, and Frenchmen have all been forced to adopt the same working techniques: they tape the news bulletin of the Guinean radio and transmit verbatim extracts to their agencies.

As for the diplomatic corps, its members are restricted to Conakry unless they are granted a specific

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governmental authorization to travel. They are forbidden to invite Guineans directly even to official receptions: all invitations must be sent to the ministry of foreign affairs for forwarding. The Soviet and American information centers have been closed, and no printed matter whatever may be distributed without a permit from the ministry of information. This measure is aimed particularly at the Russians and the Chinese. A soldier of the national guard, on sentry duty in front of every embassy, notes down the license numbers of the cars of all visitors.

The Guineans are afraid of any contact with Europeans, whether they be of the West or the East. Of course, the opposition bears the brunt of police action. Recently a young government employee was put in prison for no other reason than that he was the son of an inspector of primary education whose lack of enthusiasm for the government is well known. The inspector's daughter was raped by party "blackshirts." The men arrested after the student riots were brought before the high court not in alphabetical order or according to their academic rank but according to the greater or lesser sentences they were to receive—sentences already decided upon by the party's political bureau.

The Anti-Negro Comrades

In the light of such facts, charges of "plotting with the East" brought by Touré (who was awarded a Lenin Peace Prize last spring) can be considered as no more than a pretext. No one can say, however, whether the pretext is absurd or not. What is certain is that the recently replaced Soviet ambassador, Daniel Solod, regarded as one of Russia's most able diplomats ever since his work in Cairo in 1956, earned a reputation in Conakry for taking too keen an interest in internal Guinean affairs and especially for his outspoken criticisms of governmental inefficiency. One should not jump to the conclusion that his sudden departure from Conakry in December indicated the government's intention to reverse its alliances, but it is undeniable that Solod was heartily detested by the Conakry leaders.

The circumstances surrounding Solod's departure deserve to be noted. On December 13, while waiting with the diplomatic corps to greet Prime Minister Balewa of Nigeria, he was abruptly invited by the Guinean chief of protocol to withdraw. On the fifteenth, Solod and his wife left Conakry; he had not even been granted permission to await the weekly Czech plane to Moscow. The subsequent Russian announcement said only that the ambassador had been recalled. This bare statement was intended both to cover up the treatment he had received and to keep the door open for the remote possibility that the Guineans might regret their precipitate action. Guinea remains too important a bridgehead for the Russians to risk giving any impression of abandoning it.

It is for these reasons that they sent Anastas Mikoyan to Conakry in January, "in response to an invitation from the Guinean leaders." This pious Soviet lie will fool no one. For the fact is that the first vice-president of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union was very coldly received. The flags that are always

draped over the streets of Guinea's capital to greet foreign celebrities were conspicuously lacking for Mikoyan's arrival.

Thus, if the Soviets aim at maintaining the position they have acquired in Guinea, Touré and his friends do not seem to share their desire. They have come to realize that in Guinea as elsewhere, help given by the Soviets and Soviet satellites has little relation to local needs. Thousands of trucks, parked along the docks and in the city, show that Guinea's benefactors have sought both to rid themselves of obsolete surplus material and to bind Guinea's economy as closely as possible to their own.

In spite of this, the Communist technicians are so closely involved in Guinea's activities that it is impossible for the Guineans to turn their backs on the East overnight. It is calculated that there are fifteen hundred Communist technicians and experts in the country, half of them on a permanent basis. On the other hand, in spite of Communist China's interest in certain industrial projects—paper, tobacco, matches—there is no truth to the rumor that "thousands of Chinese" are in Guinea.

As a general rule, the Communist experts have not understood the Africans. In Guinea they have remained aloof, keeping among themselves and even showing a certain disdain for the natives—who reciprocate the feeling.

Inglorious Isolation

The projected federation of Ghana, Guinea, and Mali seems stillborn. Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana is becoming more and more tired of an alliance which he feels is costing him a great deal of money and bringing him no political prestige. The recent decision of the United States to assist Ghana in the construction of the Volta Dam irritates the Guineans, who have been hoping for four years to obtain foreign aid to build a hydroelectric plant on the Konkoury River. Moreover, even if the Conakry government succeeded in obtaining the necessary funds to carry out the project, it would find itself competing directly with Ghana—for the Konkoury plant, like the Lower Volta plant, would be producing aluminum oxide and pure aluminum.

After more than three years of independence, there seems no sign of a solution to Guinea's basic troubles. Indeed, the country appears to be more totally isolated than at any moment in its brief history. Having begun Guinea's independent existence by turning his back on the French, Sékou Touré seems now to be turning his back on the whole world.

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Shotgun Wedding in Laos

DENIS WARNER

On December 11, Malcolm MacDonald, the British co-chairman of the fourteen-nation Geneva Conference on Laos, opened the day's session with a brief review of past progress and future prospects. "We are, in fact, on the point of creating a practical and just system of international guarantees which will assure to Laos neutrality, untroubled peace, and sovereign independence," he said. A week earlier the acting leader of the United States delegation, William H. Sullivan, had called it a "pattern for peace not only in Laos, not only in Southeast Asia, but throughout the world."

In the long, sorry story of Laos these comments merit a special place. For what Geneva is, in fact, creating for Laos is calculated neither to assure its neutrality nor its sovereignty, while the peace it promises is likely to be of the kind that Mao Tse-tung once said grew out of the barrel of the gun.

With a unanimity and a determination that were sadly lacking in their earlier efforts to keep Laos out of the hands of the Communists, the western embassies in Vientiane are driving the reluctant Laotian right-wingers into a coalition government which they know, and privately admit, may be temporarily and ostensibly neutral but which will lead almost inevitably to a takeover by Prince Souphanouvong and his Communist Neo Lao Hak Xat Party.

Samar Sen, who recently stepped down from the chairmanship of the International Control Commission and returned to his post as High Commissioner for India at Canberra, is one of the more optimistic observers of the Laotian scene. But even he thinks the most the West can hope for from Laotian neutrality is that it will be "of the Austrian type in reverse"; in other words, whereas Austria faces west culturally and in every other way except by formal alliances, Laos will be technically neutral but effectively within China's sphere of influence.

Three Princes and a General

I put this possibility to Prince Souvanna Phouma, the neutralist prime minister-designate, at his headquarters near the Plaine des Jarres. At first he disputed the suggestion that he did not hope for true neutrality for Laos. Then, after reflection, he added that his country's position could not really be compared to that of Austria. "Austria is not next to the Soviet Union but only to its satellites," he said. "Laos is next to China and we can't ignore the fact of 650 million Chinese."

Even among those western embassies most intent on bringing pressure on Prince Boun Oum, prime minister of the right-wing régime, and his much more powerful subordinate, General Phoumi Nosavan, there is no expectation that a coalition government will remain neutral for long. Discussing one of Phoumi's attempts to prevent a meeting between the three princes—Souvanna Phouma, Souphanouvong, and Boun Oum—one western ambassador told me that this proved his "evil intent." When I suggested that coalition government would mean the end of Phoumi's power and authority, and therefore an end to organized anti-Communism, he answered that the sooner this occurred the better.

Phoumi is said to have begun his career as a river pirate. Unlike the three princes and members of the feudal families who have generally dominated the political scene in Vientiane, he has no personal or family following. His only strength is the leadership of the Royal Lao Army, which has grown numerically in the past two years from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand men, and, thanks to Military Aid and Advisory Group training, is undoubtedly more effective today than it has ever been.

He lacks all of Souvanna's grace and charm, but in force of character he stands head and shoulders above his anti-Communist contemporaries. He and he alone in Vientiane is tough. Separate him from the army and the ministry of defense—and this, understandably, is Souvanna Phouma's intention—and the right wing will be emasculated.

Phoumi, betting heavily on Washington's reluctance to cut off economic and military aid, which runs at the rate of about a million dollars a week and on which the Royal Lao government is totally dependent, dug in his heels, thinking that if he could hold out long enough, Souvanna Phouma would abandon the attempt to form a coalition government, thereby clearing the way for the Royal Lao Army, with U.S. support, to renew the war with the Communist-led insurgent forces, which Phoumi's troops outnumber

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by about five to one. Souvanna, convinced now that Washington was firmly committed to the principle of a coalition government, remained unmoved. The events of early January would appear to have proved him right. U.S. aid was suspended as a means of bringing pressure on Boun Oum to take a more active part in negotiations, and was restored almost immediately after he had agreed to meet the neutralist and pro-Communist leaders in Geneva.

Phoumi's sense of grievance against the United States runs deep. He was Washington's man in December, 1960, when he got the green light to march on Vientiane. The subsequent failure of his forces he now attributes to lack of training, a deficiency which, he claims, has been overcome. Given the chance now, he believes, the Royal Lao Army, which controls about a third of the country and, if only technically, about two-thirds of the population, would win in any renewed fighting.

DESPITE the fruitless meeting of the three princes in Vientiane on December 27, the West remains determined to bring about a coalition government. Prince Boun Oum, who is little more than Phoumi's front man, has declared that the decisions of the meeting at Hin Heup last October are now null and void. But the odds are heavily against Phoumi. The CIA and American military voices in Laos that once supported him have been silenced; the official American policy is that there must be a coalition government.

The princes at the Hin Heup meeting on October 8 agreed that the new government should have sixteen members, that the prime minister and his deputy should each hold an additional portfolio, and that Prince Souvanna Phouma should be named prime minister-designate. What the princes did not agree to, however, was the composition of the cabinet. It is generally accepted that the formula will be roughly eight for Souvanna Phouma's new Neutralist Party, four for the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party, and four to the Boun Oum-Phoumi right wing, but on personalities there is no agreement. Phoumi wants to be defense minister; Souvanna Phouma insists that he himself should hold this portfolio. The right wing argues that four of Souvanna's neutralists should be selected from neutralists still in Vientiane; Souvanna insists that he must be loyal to those who followed him to the Plaine des Jarres.

Souvanna's own list of "neutrals" is far from reassuring. It includes men like Quinim Pholsena, his representative at Geneva, who, on the eve of the battle for Vientiane in December, 1960, flew to Hanoi to invite the Russians to send him military aid; Peng Phongsavan, a former newspaper editor in Vientiane, who, like Quinim, is more than vaguely leftist and makes no effort to appear neutral; and Chao Sisouamong, Souvanna Phouma's nephew, whose neutrality is difficult to reconcile with his decision to send his children to school in the Soviet Union.

If the other members of Souvanna's group were men of strong character, the genuine neutrals and the right wing might still hold their own. Unfortunately, they are not. Thus, even in the interim period before general elections are held, the left wing may be expected to dominate the cabinet.

Half Brothers Who Half Agree

In the sparsely furnished room in a former Foreign Legion barracks which now serves as joint headquarters for Souvanna Phouma and his half brother, Souphanouvong, in the mountains above the Plaine des Jarres, Souvanna told me that given two years to prepare for an election, his new Neutralist Party could win "because the Laotion people want peace and neutrality."

A discreet cough from Souphanouvong interrupted him. Souvanna quickly corrected himself. The election would have to be held within a year—a year at the most.

But wasn't Souphanouvong's Neo Lao Hak Xat Party the best organized in the country? Souvanna agreed that it was, but added that he would do everything he could to build up his own party, though a year was a short time and it would be difficult.

I asked Souphanouvong who he thought would win the election. "Let us say we will both win," was his reply.

The two brothers said they were in full accord on all matters and had been for three months. A bed of roses in front of their quarters attests to their common interest in gardening. They sit together and eat together, and their monastic bedrooms adjoin. But outside Souvanna's room stands one of the paratroopers of Kong Lae, who led a revolt out of the Royal Lao Army, while on guard outside Souphanouvong's room is an insurgent Pathet Lao soldier.

THE BROTHERS are almost exact opposites. Souvanna gives the appearance of gentleness. Souphanouvong is proud that he is a Greek scholar, but prouder still that he once lay among twenty-nine dead companions in a sinking Mekong boat with a French fighter-plane bullet in his lung and lived to lead the Pathet Lao. Souvanna is fair, Souphanouvong dark. Souvanna is mild, Souphanouvong dynamic and temperamental.

Once, when we were discussing the sizes of the various military forces in Laos, Souvanna turned to his brother and exclaimed with irritation, "Those Pathet Lao guerrillas of yours are everywhere."

"Yes, they are," said Souphanouvong with a contented smile.

There is more than a suspicion that Souphanouvong, like Phoumi, would like to resume fighting. By distributing leaflets in Vientiane urging the Royal Lao troops to revolt, his bodyguard wrecked whatever chance the December 27 talks had of succeeding. There is increasing evidence that Kong Lae's paratroopers and his Pathet Lao are not finding their association easy. Finally, the Pathet Lao appears to be obstructing in every way possible the efforts being made by Souvanna to win recruits and supporters for his Neutralist Party.

Souvanna claims that the military supplies the Soviet planes unload on the Plaine des Jarres each day are under his direct charge. But the Pathet Lao story is that Souvanna is dependent for political and military support entirely on the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party and the Pathet Lao. The allegations contain more truth than Souvanna cares to admit.

His obvious sincerity has rallied some of the more disillusioned youth

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of Vientiane to his side. His integrity and aspirations are not in question; but he is not, and never has been, a strong and efficient leader. Given full U.S. support in 1960, he might have managed to preserve something more than the fiction of neutrality in Laos; he has no hope now. Mocked, ridiculed, and rejected by the right wing, he is simply a temporary figurehead for the Left. He has as little control over his half-brother as he has over the military supplies that Soviet planes are now ferrying to Tchepone, the main Laotian staging point on the Ho Chi Minh trail along which both men and materials are moving to reinforce the Viet Cong guerrillas in South Vietnam.

The Signals Were Changed

The tragicomedy of the situation is that the western effort to contract out of the situation in Laos has been attended by the same spectacular lack of success that accompanied its effort to turn Laos into a stable, SEATO-protected, anti-Communist state.

Faced in the spring of 1961 with the alternative of fighting for Laos under conditions that were highly disadvantageous and that might have led to major war, the United States, under pressure from its British and French allies, decided to negotiate for what it could get.

Russia's insistence that it was interested only in Laos's neutrality and that the West would be well advised to co-operate in keeping the Chinese out was accepted as genuine, and on this basis negotiations began at Geneva. If there was no great confidence that military defeat in the field could be turned into a political victory at the conference table, there was at least a feeling that this was the most painless way out.

It was no way out at all. As General No Nguyen Giap, the brilliant victor of Dienbienphu, points out in a manual now circulating in Vietnam in both English and Vietnamese, Communist revolutionary wars should not be fought to the bitter end in the field but only to the point where the enemy can be brought to the conference table and there defeated. If Phoumi persists in his stand now and the United

States cannot dislodge him from it, the Pathet Lao will not hesitate to resume the war. If he bows to the pressure, the right wing will cease to exist as an effective force.

Thus the anti-Communist forces of Boun Oum and Phoumi, having been built up and trained to their peak strength by the United States, are being directed by the United States to come to terms that they feel, with reason, can lead only to a situation which the United States has spent hundreds of millions of dollars and was once prepared to go to war in order to avoid.

The Chinese Shadow

The only alternative now would be to switch policies again and to give Phoumi the support he once received and was led to believe he might continue to expect. Even if the new look in Phoumi's army is all that its admirers claim it to be, however, there is little left in what still is technically the Kingdom of Laos on which to base much optimism. Adversity did not bring the right wing together in unity and solidarity. Families have been split and friends divided. The army may or may not be strong, but politically the situation is miasmal. Moreover, the Anglo-French fears of war escalation, which were ventilated with such effect at the SEATO conference in Bangkok last March, have a validity now that they did not possess then. China is once more casting its shadow over Indo-China's affairs.

A military delegation led by Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, president and political commissar of the Chinese Academy of Political Science, arrived in Hanoi from Peking on December 15. It included the commander of the Chinese Air Force, General Liu Ya-lou, and General Hsiao Hua, one of Mao Tse-tung's earliest followers.

Twelve years ago a similar delegation led by Marshal Ho Lung arrived at Ho Chi Minh's headquarters in the mountains north of Hanoi. In the following months, thousands of Vietnamese guerrillas went into southern China for military training. Late in 1950 they swept across the border, destroyed French posts there, and four years later, using Chinese equipment and Mao Tse-tung's tactics, brought the French to defeat.

At a formal banquet one evening in Hanoi, Marshal Yeh said that the United States was using President Ngo Dinh Diem to wage a real war against the people in South Vietnam, and that the Chinese people could not remain indifferent to these activities. Recalling that General Giap's visit to China in 1949 had "made valuable contributions in enhancing the fraternal friendship between the peoples and armies of our two countries," he predicted that the current visit of the Chinese mission would "add a new page to this friendship which flows on eternally like the Yangtse and the Red River."

Marshal Yeh's remarks were specifically directed toward the war in South Vietnam. A point worth noting, and frequently overlooked in the West, is that Ho Chi Minh has always regarded the campaigns in Laos and South Vietnam as complementary and essentially part of the same war. Senior members of the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party are members of the Laodong (Communist) Party of Vietnam. Souphanouvong "liberated" the provinces of Samneua and Phongsaly in 1953 only with the aid of two Vietminh divisions. And just as Vietnamese troops were once trained in China and then sent back into Vietnam, the Vietminh for years has trained and equipped Pathet Lao battalions at their bases at Yen Bay and Dienbienphu.

THE USE of Laos as a means of supply and communication for the Viet Cong in South Vietnam has already been confirmed. In the months ahead the South Vietnamese are likely to become even more uncomfortably aware that the "peace" in Laos, if it is eventually negotiated by Mr. MacDonald and others at Geneva, will really be a major Viet Cong victory in the Vietnam war.

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The Battle Lines In New Guinea

DENIS WARNER

UNTIL LAST SUMMER, the Indonesian cabinet had long been divided on the feasibility of direct action to take over West Irian (Dutch New Guinea). President Sukarno and some of the more extremist members of the cabinet, such as ultra-nationalistic Mohammad Yamin, who would add Portuguese Timor and the British territories in Borneo to the list, had consistently advocated a military solution. General Nasution, army chief of staff and defense minister, had led the opposition, arguing that the armed forces were needed more urgently to cope with the several revolutions in Sumatra, Celebes, and west Java, and that, in any event, they were neither ready nor well enough equipped to launch a successful operation in New Guinea, two thousand miles away from their main bases in Java.

Nasution's arguments were valid until about the middle of 1961, when the complete collapse of the right-wing regional revolts in Sumatra and Celebes brought tens of thousands of rebels back to the fold. Their acceptance of the liberal amnesty terms coincided with the rapid build-up of Indonesian military equipment and an obvious determination on the part of the Dutch to wash their hands of New Guinea as soon as they decently could—always provided, of course, that the territory was kept out of the clutches of the Indonesians. Indonesia now had the men; it was getting the tools from the Soviet Union; and, since the Papuan independence movement in New Guinea was rapidly gaining ground under Dutch encouragement, Nasution withdrew his objections to the use of force.

Since Nasution is well aware of the dangers both at home and abroad of a prolonged campaign in New Guinea, his agreement was reluctant but inevitable. "I think you can properly say that our planning on West Irian has moved from our heads to our hearts," Major-General Achmad Jani, Nasution's deputy chief of staff, told me last July. "In our Indonesian way, we now have the capability to act."

JULY was the month of decision in Indonesia. Egged on by Moscow and cautioned by Washington, President Sukarno had just returned from one of his periodic world tours. His return coincided with the arrival of the first Russian Badger jet bombers. With a range of four thousand miles and a speed of nearly six hundred miles an hour, they brought all of West New Guinea within striking distance. The navy began to get destroyers and submarines, and for all services there was the promise of much more to come. Admiral Gorshkov, commander-in-chief of the Soviet Navy, personally handed over the first of a fleet of motor torpedo boats when he visited Djakarta in October. A heavy cruiser of the *Sverdlov* class is promised for early delivery, if it has not already arrived, and, according to Foreign Minister Subandrio in an interview I had with him in Djakarta, an aircraft carrier may be expected early this year.

Impressed with its own new-found strength, the Indonesian cabinet decided at one of its first meetings after Sukarno's return to prepare for the offensive against New Guinea. The decision was subject to one important qualification, however: that action would not be taken before the United States had had a chance to use its good offices to bring about a peaceful settlement of the dispute. This was the intention the Indonesians read into President Kennedy's message to Sukarno on the eve of his arrival in Moscow. In the Indonesian view, however, President Kennedy has been misleading. Instead of giving them the support they expected at the General Assembly, the United States seemed to move closer to the Dutch position.

The next step was a call to arms in which the Indonesian determination to act was implicit unless the Dutch capitulated. A few guerrillas were landed, and on January 15, in the first open fighting, two of Indonesia's torpedo boats were hit. According to informed estimates, no more sizable operation can be launched in the immediate future without risk of gravely overtaxing the country's inadequate and inefficient interisland shipping. Much of the equipment received during recent months from the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia is still in the shakedown stage. Submarines have had to be tropicalized, for instance, and there have been complex maintenance problems in all services. Moreover, General Nasution is strongly

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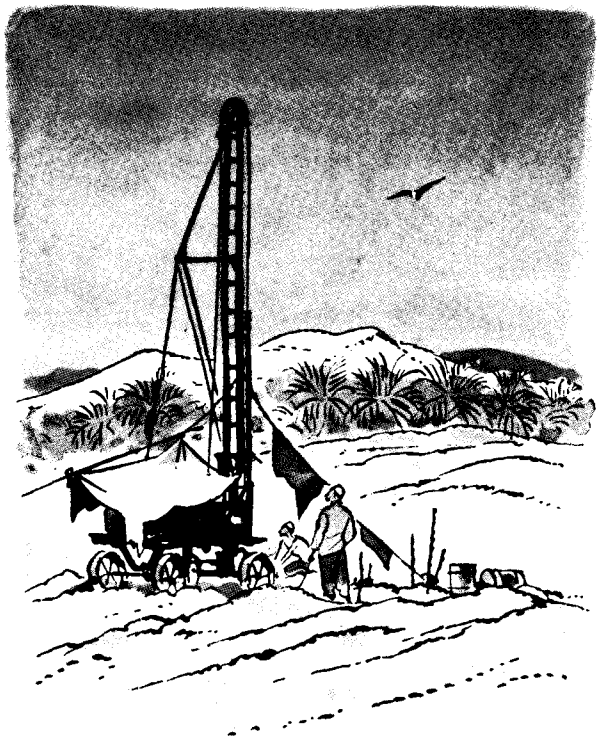

Recently, emulating the oil man, the Arabs turned to power-drilling in their search for water. The water became plentiful but it also brought problems.

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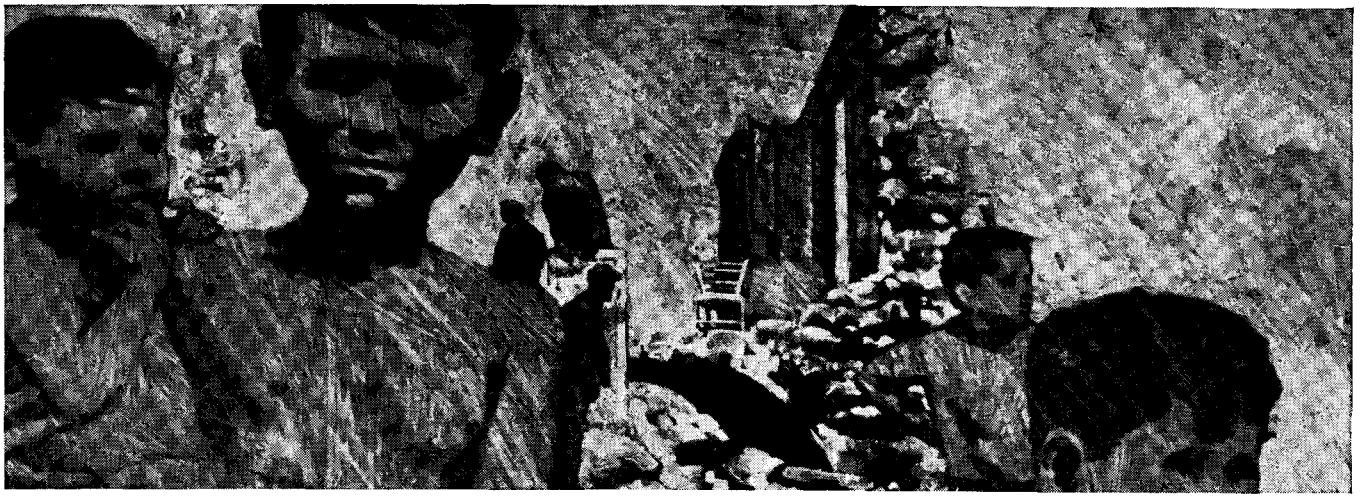

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opposed to the operational use of planes and ships that are not fully manned by Indonesians, and his view appears to have prevailed. Indonesians, however, have a unique capacity for improvisation and on numerous occasions have demonstrated a willingness to take risks that the West might regard as suicidal. General Jani stunned the Sumatra rebels in 1958, for instance, with his ability to organize effective amphibious operations at Pakanbaru and Padang almost overnight.

The Dutch do not have much to offer in the way of a deterrent. Their defense forces, which are under naval command, include one destroyer, two modern frigates, and a few landing craft and patrol vessels. Air defense is also largely naval, and consists of a squadron of Second World War Fireflies, eight Neptune long-range bombers, and twelve Hunter jet fighters. Ground forces consist of about 2,500 troops and 1,500 marines. These forces are at best sufficient for a delaying action.

It would not be wise, either, to underestimate the nationalistic appeal of the campaign in Indonesia. Every time Sukarno asks at a mass rally what he should do, the crowd answers, *"Gempur, Gempur!"* ("Attack, attack!"). Thousands of volunteers have come forward, including many men who less than six months ago were in the jungles fighting against Sukarno. According to the Antara news agency, the latest volunteers include a thousand Dyak tribesmen, who have offered to go into action with their blowpipes and poisoned darts. The Indonesians are certainly ready to fight. The Indian action in Goa did not influence their decision, but it has contributed materially to the elimination of their inhibitions.

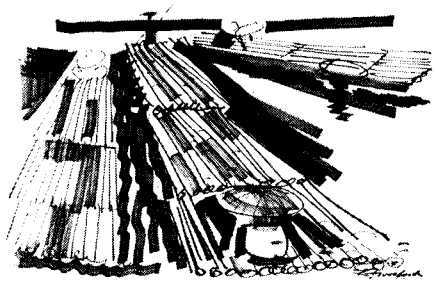
Stone-Age Survivors

Whatever its outcome, however, war in New Guinea would be an object lesson in international futility. The military victor would be an economic loser.

Committed now to handing over the administration of West New Guinea to the Papuans in ten years, or much less if their crash program of training an elite is successful or they can find the means of transferring the territory to U.N. control, the Dutch have everything to lose and nothing to gain by staying.

West New Guinea holds the promise only of sacrifice. It offers nothing but hard work and expense. Some of its estimated 700,000 people still hunt heads; 300,000 have not yet been brought under administration, and most of those who have are not aware of it. The territory covers an area of 161,000 square miles, or three times that of New York State. Yet there are no more than 150 miles of roads and jeep tracks, about a third of which wind around the bougainvillaea-clad streets and byroads of Hollandia, the capital. Much of the country is malarial coastal swamp, sparsely populated and unproductive. Beyond are dense, uncharted rain forests leading to towering mountains of more than fourteen thousand feet. Here, in deep valleys and in pockets high in the mountains, live most of the people, whose knowledge does not extend to the use of iron or the wheel and who are entirely ignorant of the storm now rising around them.

Geography and fear have combined to imprison these people for thousands of years within their own small settlements. The mountains are wild and impassable, the neighbors often hostile. The village is the high-



est form of social life, and even this is not organized in a political way, since the Papuan finds safety in small numbers and groups.

Indonesian is the lingua franca of the coastal regions, but it does not penetrate far inland, where the languages spoken may be counted in the tens and hundreds. The Dutch claim that there is not a single positive element of civilization, no distinguishing trait or skill, no custom or tool common to all Papuans.

This is used as an argument against the Indonesian claim to sovereignty over West New Guinea. But equally it is an argument against the precipitate and headlong rush to self-government that the Dutch have embarked on in order to circumvent the Indonesians. It is as specious to suggest that the Papuans will be ready for self-government by 1970 as it is to claim that the Papuans are really kin to the Indonesians. Papua is still in the Stone Age and cannot hope to emerge from it for many decades—and then only with financial assistance on a scale that neither the Indonesians nor the Dutch can conceivably provide.

A Question of Dignity

The dispute dates back to the 1949 Round Table Conference at The Hague. After four bitter years of struggle, the Dutch agreed to transfer sovereignty over the former territories of the Netherlands East Indies to the Republic of the United States of Indonesia. Unexpectedly, so the Indonesians say, it was decided that the status quo of the Residency of New Guinea should be maintained, with the stipulation that within a year of the date of transfer of sovereignty its political status would be determined by negotiation.

To this day the Indonesians have always regarded any negotiations as having only one possible outcome: the transfer of West New Guinea to Indonesian control and sovereignty. To many Indonesians, however, this was not, initially, a matter of great substance. The Masjumi Party, whose moderate leaders once dominated the political scene, did not regard West New Guinea as a matter of urgency. There were other more pressing matters to attend to first.

To President Sukarno, on the other hand, West Irian is and always has been a challenge to his dignity and leadership. Twelve years ago, as a crowd of Indonesians estimated to be a million strong strained to break through the cordon of troops and police outside what had been the residence of the Dutch governor-general and now, within the hour, had become Merdeka Palace, I watched the president fire the first shot in the New Guinea war. While the crowd roared its approval, Sukarno raised his arms dramatically and pointed to the east and west. "Before the sun sets on 1950," he

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declared, "all of Indonesia from Sabang [at the northern tip of Sumatra] to Merauke [the easternmost village in West New Guinea] will be ours." Two days later the Dutch published the decree setting up their traditional colonial administration in New Guinea.

IT HAS ALWAYS been difficult to arrive at an objective analysis of the Dutch motivation at this time. Many factors were involved. The Hague considered West New Guinea as a possible new home for Indo-Europeans who did not want to take Indonesian citizenship and could not fit comfortably into the Dutch scene. At that time, there were hopes that the oil fields might prove profitable. There was also the question of saving something out of the wreck of Dutch interests in the Indies, and West New Guinea was an obvious choice.

At all events, the Dutch dug in their heels. Negotiations in 1950 and again in 1951 bogged down because the Dutch insisted that West New Guinea should be transferred not to Indonesia but to a joint body to be known as the Netherlands-Indonesian Union.

In the simplest terms, the Indonesian case rests on the fact that West New Guinea used to be part of the Netherlands East Indies and that the Dutch agreed in principle to transfer sovereignty of the entire region to Indonesia. During the period when the Dutch clearly intended to stay in New Guinea for many years, the Indonesians argued that this was a denial of the freedom which the United Nations sought to promote and an expression of the colonialism which it sought to end. They said the Dutch had neglected West New Guinea, which was nearly entirely undeveloped in both economic and social terms.

Later, when the Dutch seriously raised the issue of self-determination and insisted that there was no movement for affiliation with Indonesia among the indigenous New Guinea population, the Indonesians replied that if the principle of self-determination were carried to this illogical conclusion, Indonesia should be broken up into its seventeen ethnic and linguistic groups.

Leaving aside the fine points of what the Dutch agreed to or did not agree to at the Round Table Conference and whether the English translation really gives the intended meaning, the Dutch can make a case ethnically for the now stoutly defended principle of self-determination. Their handling of the dispute, however, has been inept. While a conference on West New Guinea was pending in February, 1952, for instance, they suddenly incorporated the territory in their constitution as part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. So far as they were concerned, the matter was now settled, and in April, 1954, they declined to discuss it further.

The Indonesians replied by unilaterally abrogating the Round Table Agreement. Then, in August, 1956, having failed to win U.N. support for their case, they passed a bill establishing West Irian as an autonomous province of the Republic of Indonesia and set up a committee to prepare for its "liberation."

The Turning Point

Relations between the Netherlands and Indonesia deteriorated rapidly. With strong lobbying support from Australia, the Netherlands rallied enough votes in the General Assembly in 1957 to prevent the Indonesians, on their fourth and final attempt, from pushing through a moderately framed resolution in favor of negotiations. Requiring a two-thirds majority, the Indonesians

got forty-one votes, including the Soviet bloc, the Moslem states, plus scattered support in Africa and South America; the Dutch twenty-nine. A month later Indonesia expropriated Dutch assets estimated at $1.5 billion, closing banks, trading companies, rubber plantations, and other concerns handling the greater part of the islands' foreign trade. Fifty thousand Dutchmen who had continued to live and work in Indonesia were expelled. Subsequently, the Indonesians not only broke off relations with the Netherlands but withdrew permission for Britain to represent Dutch interests.

Given the Russian inclination to fish in these muddy Southeast Asian waters, war or Dutch capitulation to Indonesian threats became inevitable. Left to their own devices, the Indonesians could not have raised the steam necessary to do the job: the Russians have provided both the weapons and the advice.

Considering the difficulties, however, the Dutch have done a remarkable job in New Guinea. If the principle of self-determination had been as much to the fore in 1951 as it was in 1961, their performance would be almost beyond criticism. In some ways they have done too well. In the more sophisticated coastal areas they have created a sense of Papuan identity that is symbolized by the predominantly Papuan New Guinean Council.

Its members and their supporters have risked their future, and perhaps their lives, by accepting the Dutch pledge of self-determination. "You can tell General Nasution that if he comes here I will eat him," said Nicolass Jouwe, a full-blooded Papuan leader I met in Hollandia. Jouwe's sincerity and his sense of Papuan identity shocked the Indonesians when they met him at the United Nations in November. They realized that the Papuan flag and the national anthem were beginning to have real meaning—and that they would have to hurry.

THEY ARE HURRYING now, and in their haste, by war or threat of war, they will get what they want. The casualties will be many. The Dutch have already lost their Indonesian investment and they will lose also in New Guinea. The Australians, who occupy the eastern part of the island, will have exchanged a well-disposed neighbor for an unpredictable one. The Indo-Europeans will lose their second home; in recent months they have been leaving New Guinea for Holland in hundreds, paralyzing local business and the middle echelons of the administration. And the Communists have gained a foothold in Indonesia, the richest and probably the most important area in Southeast Asia.

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The Tipping Point In Village Creek

DONALD PFARRER

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

IN THE NAME of integration, the white and Negro members of the integrated Village Creek community are blocking the efforts of a Negro to buy a house. They say his presence on a street that already has nine Negro families would mean the beginning of a colored section and would undermine the racial balance of the community. Their action has the unannounced but unmistakable support of the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The Negro has sued the community for damages, for an injunction to prevent sale of the house until the case is tried, and for conveyance of the property to him forthwith. He has also sued the white family from whom he tried to buy the house.

Robert Seidman, an attorney for the local N.A.A.C.P., has called the Village Creek case a "sophisticated" problem in race relations. The complexities of the so-called "benign quota" system create a kind of second-generation race-relations problem which has arisen in only a few places so far but which will become increasingly familiar as integration makes progress across the country.

Familiarity will not make these cases any easier. Seidman thinks the law is not ready for them, but even after new laws have been written, the essential element of personal sacrifice by one party or the other will remain. In these cases there is not just the one issue of human rights. There are two: the human rights of individuals and the rights of a race. In Village Creek the two conflict, and somebody must lose.

CHARLES H. VAUGHT, forty-three, is an electronics technician at Columbia University. Like many successful Negroes, he is looking for a better place to live. Last summer Vaught and his wife came to Norwalk on the suggestion of colored friends living in Village Creek. They were shown around the community, which is on a peninsula bordered on two sides by tidal swamp and on the third by clear water. The roads are bumpy and the gravel walkways show a marked tendency to disappear into the surrounding grass. The atmosphere of the place is hospitable but rather shaggy. The houses, all of which are modern, have an average value of over $25,000, although the largest ones run to $60,000. There are playgrounds, a beach, tennis courts, a dredged boat basin and moorings. More important, there are thirty-four white families, thirteen Negro, three mixed, and one Chinese; as far as anyone can see, prejudice and differentiation on grounds of race are unknown at Village Creek.

The Vaughts, who have no children, signed a contract to buy a small house from a white family on Split Rock Road for $21,000. The contract was subject to certain covenants attaching to the deed, one of which was that the Village Creek Homeowners Association has the right of first refusal on any house or lot offered for sale.

Representatives of the association told Vaught he was welcome in Village Creek but not on Split Rock Road. They urged him to consider the three other houses then for sale. Vaught and his wife inspected all three and made an offer of $21,000 on one of them. The selling price was $26,000, and the seller would not bargain. (This house, on Dock Road, has since been bought by a Negro family.)

Nine of the thirteen Negro families in the community live on Split Rock Road; the other four Negro and the three mixed families live in rather even distribution on the other two roads of the peninsula. The lawyer for the Homeowners Association, Emanuel Margolis of Stamford, has said that the goal is "true integration" and that it cannot be accomplished if Split Rock Road becomes "a Negro ghetto." When the Vaughts persisted in their plans to buy on that road, the association exercised its option, borrowed money, and bought the house itself.

The initiative was taken entirely by Negroes. The association received three letters on the same day urging a special meeting to consider the Vaughts' imminent purchase on Split Rock Road. All three of the letters came from Negroes. At the meeting, first Negroes and then whites spoke against the "ghettoizing" of Split Rock Road. The meeting voted not to establish fixed racial quotas but to consider each application individually on its merits. With three abstentions it also voted unanimously to take up the option against Vaught; fifteen of the voters were Negroes. One white woman who abstained said she did so because she

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thought Negroes ought to make the decision.

The president of the Homeowners Association, Mrs. Barbara Kerschner, said Village Creek "does not like the idea of control by color." But her governing idea is integration, which cannot succeed without what the association calls balance. She voted with the other members—against Vaught and in favor of balanced integration.

ONE EFFECT of the Vaught case, according to Mrs. Kerschner, has been to draw the community together. "We are more cohesive now. It's the first time I've seen complete agreement here on anything."

The conviction is so strong, in fact, that several residents have gone so far as to voice ominous questions about Vaught's motives. The Negroes, who should be able to sympathize, say they can't understand Vaught; some wonder aloud who is "prompting" and "backing" him. A white member of the N.A.A.C.P. who lives in Village Creek has said he believes Vaught is educated to the point of understanding that as a human being he possesses certain rights—"educated that far and no farther."

According to Mrs. Kerschner, it is "very much easier to sell a house in Village Creek to a Negro than to a white." She feels that the difficulty of finding whites to buy homes in the community would be multiplied for any section that had a disproportionately large number of Negroes. What the community fears is a phenomenon sociologists call the "tipping point"—a percentage of nonwhites that gives a neighborhood the appearance of a Negro rather than an integrated section so that whites will not move in.

Dr. Leslie Allen, a colored resident of Village Creek, remarked recently: "I have seen the pattern twice in New York neighborhoods where I lived. A few Negroes move in, and it becomes harder and harder to sell to whites."

Where this pattern operates, "integration" often turns out to be merely a period of transition while a neighborhood changes its color. At any rate, the present residents are convinced that if Village Creek is to fulfill its purpose and survive as an integrated community, it must keep from being tipped.

Vaught is not impressed by the tipping-point argument. Mrs. Kerschner has said that she spoke with Vaught by telephone for an hour after the option was executed, explaining all the reasons and repeating the invitation to look at houses in other sections of the community. On the witness stand during the hearing on Vaught's request for a temporary injunction, he was asked about this conversation. It lasted fifteen minutes, Vaught recalled, and Mrs. Kerschner told him he could not buy the house because he was colored. When a lawyer asked if he remembered anything else, Vaught replied, "What else would you expect me to remember?"

For Vaught the issue is racial discrimination: "Red, green, or yellow, if you're denied a basic right, it's discrimination." He feels that the offer of other houses in the community makes no difference. "There are all kinds of houses everywhere. If you're denied a basic right because of your color, it's a crime against your person."

Many Negroes have found themselves excluded from white neighborhoods. It happens that the neighborhood from which Vaught is being excluded is largely colored. As Vaught sees it, "That makes no difference." Vaught's lawyer claims that his client was excluded "because the association feels there are enough Negroes on Split Rock already."

The court refused to issue the temporary injunction, but only because the suit has so bruised the title that none is needed to prevent another sale and because the association has promised not to sell anyway. A suit by Vaught for $10,000 damages and for conveyance of the property is pending in the Superior Court. Probably its progress will be arrested by another development in the case, one for which the local branch of the N.A.A.C.P. is largely responsible.

At the injunction hearing, speaking as attorney for the Norwalk N.A.A.C.P. and as a friend of the court, Seidman argued that the case belonged in the hands of the state's Commission on Civil Rights, an administrative body of the legislature that should be used whenever there is a possibility of its being effective. But the judge that day was not hearing the merits of the case, so in his denial of an injunction he merely took note of the suggestion. A short time later the lawyer for the Homeowners Association wrote to Hartford asking the commission to investigate, and on November 27 it arrived in Norwalk to start an informal inquiry.

It is the flexibility of the Civil Rights Commission's procedures that makes them attractive to the people of Village Creek and to the local N.A.A.C.P. The Connecticut discrimination law, according to Seidman, "was never intended to cover situations like this. It was intended to get Negroes into all-white neighborhoods, into hotels and restaurants and the like. It never contemplated anything like the Village Creek case." The law forbids "discrimination, segregation, or separation on account of race, creed or color." But what the people at Village Creek are saying, in essence, is that they will have to discriminate in order to keep from segregating.

IN THE SCALES, on one side, is the right of a man to live in a house he contracted in good faith to buy; on the other is the ideal of integration, which has been practiced in Village Creek since 1948 without the exercise of any options or control. Those days, apparently, are over.

The N.A.A.C.P. has not given and probably will not give official endorsement to quotas, however benign, but Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins has said: "An increasing number of incidents around the country suggests that control of some sort, preferably voluntary, may have to be exercised in order to bring about the integration of certain neighborhoods."

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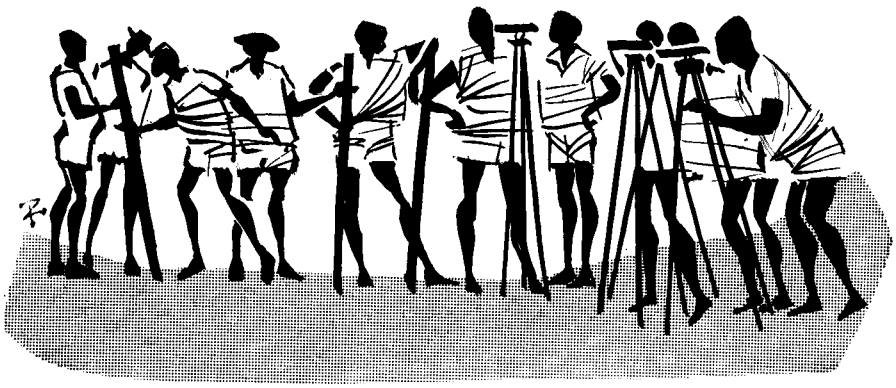

The Peace Corps Comes to Tanganyika

JOHN P. NUGENT

DAR ES SALAAM

ON THE SLOPES of Mount Kilimanjaro, thirty-five healthy young volunteers of the Peace Corps recently sat squirming and scratching in a mosquito-filled classroom as the hard facts of African bush life were abruptly laid before them by an Englishman, a provincial highway engineer in Tanganyika's ministry of works. He emphasized that their two-year assignment in Africa's newest independent nation was going to present a number of problems that had not been touched on in the lectures they had heard and booklets they had read at Texas Western College in El Paso or the conditioning camp in Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

"A majority of the European engineers will be leaving the country shortly," the Englishman remarked. And he added with an audible sigh, "You, gentlemen, are going to fill these gaps. Undoubtedly some of you will be resident engineers before you leave here in two years."

"Is he kidding?" demanded one recent college graduate.

"Just who will we be training here?" another young Corpsman inquired.

"If the purpose of this project is to train others," the English lecturer replied, "you'll not succeed in this. There are not enough educated people in the provinces to train on those projects." Most of the thirty-five young men in sports shirts and brand-new chukka boots turned to stare at the contingent's director, a thirty-three-year-old corporation lawyer from Cleveland, E. Robert Hellawell, who had obviously been caught off guard. The volunteers—nine civil engineers, five geologists, and twenty-one surveyors—had been told that training Africans to find and design feeder roads was to be an important part of their work in Tanganyika, where there are only six roads.

A surveyor asked, "What about maps?"

"Maps! What maps? You're going to make them," the lecturer replied brusquely. There was a long whistle. "Ah'm sho' glad somebody's tellin' us all this now," drawled a civil engineer from Alabama.

A Business Proposition

The Peace Corps operation in Tanganyika may well prove to be the first decisive test of R. Sargent Shriver's entire program; indeed, a failure in Tanganyika might be the death knell of the Corps itself. For it is here that the volunteers will come face to face with more difficult challenges than any of their colleagues are apt to meet around the world. The difficulties are not only those of climate, man, and beast but also the problems of being involved in the birth and growth of a new nation. The men often will be taken for English, and thus colonialists and exploiters. They will be forced time and time again to take sides, and not just of either black or white but also of the hundred thousand Asians who live here. They will be caught up in discussions about the East African Federation and the merits of Julius Nyerere and Jomo Kenyatta, on whether Communist-sponsored programs should or should not be allowed into the country. (And if Communist plans work out, the volunteers might even find themselves competing in the field with East European and possibly even Red Chinese technical-assistance groups.)

As far as one can judge, the Peace Corps' Tanganyika group seems mentally and physically well prepared for the challenge. To many of them it is just a contract, a breather, further education and training. The average age is twenty-five, and the men seem well diversified, both educationally and socially, and blessedly free of soaring idealism.

"We don't have any beatniks or pseudo-intellectuals in our group," a surveyor told me. "This group seems to have an unconscious feeling of adaptibility," explained John Edmund McPhee, a former engineer's aide for the Bureau of Public Roads in Oregon who studied physics at the University of Portland. "Whatever comes along we'll play by ear, and we'll make it. We're here to do a job of working, not talking."

It is fortunate that many in this group joined the Peace Corps for very practical purposes. "I'm here to get experience so that when I go back home I can get a better job with more responsibility," said a civil engineer. The only Negro in the group, Jeremiah E. Parson, who studied construction technology at the University of the State of New York, "just ran short of money and didn't have anything else to do, so I decided to join for some travel and adventure." Gerald Faust, twenty-four, of Champaign, Illinois, summed it up this way: "There's nothing altruistic about this. Sure, we're glad for the opportunity to gain experience while we're giving a hand to these people. But we expect to get more out of it than we put in."

THE YOUNG MEN will need to be tough and tough-minded during the next two years. The volunteers can depend on only fourteen African

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doctors, two lawyers, and one civil engineer in the whole of the 360,000 square miles inhabited by 9.2 million Africans, Asians, and Europeans.

The bush, where most of the corpsmen will be working and living, is alive with poisonous snakes and animals that can be man-eating. Nevertheless, the volunteers are not allowed weapons. Boots and socks must carefully be inspected and shaken out each morning because of scorpions. Mosquito netting—in some places over the entire body even when working—is essential. "The tsetse bite is quite hard," a British old hand in the area explained. "Trouble is you don't feel it until it is leaving you—which is too late." Swimming is always dangerous. "Crocs kill more people than any other animal in Africa," the volunteers have been cautioned. All water must be boiled.

THEN, of course, there will be the day-to-day trials and tribulations of running work gangs. One Englishman who is about to leave for home told the young Americans, "We had a blacksmith once who broke an anvil."

The two major problems for the volunteers, it has been predicted, will be that of women, or the lack thereof, and that of violating sacred grounds, which are usually unmarked. Improper behavior in either matter can mean death. "It gets quite lonely out there, you know," an agricultural expert with twenty years' experience told the volunteers as a preface to his warning against "going native" to the extent of taking an African wife or mistress. Desecrating a burial ground in any way can mean a spear in the back, as it did recently for one government geologist. The surveyors have been cautioned to study road sites very carefully.

Officially the Tanganyika government is quite happy with the program. A. Z. N. Swai, minister of commerce and industry, greeted the volunteers thus: "You are like an army which has come to fight for us in Tanganyika, not against people but against poverty, ignorance, and disease." For the most part, though, the volunteers have been heaped together, without much differentiation, with other technical-assistance groups now working in Tanganyika. In Arusha, I asked an official of the Tanganyika Information Services for some clippings on the Peace Corps. "Yes, sir," he said cheerily, handing me a bundle dealing with the work of the American Friends Service Committee.

The Big Question

The volunteers themselves have scarcely been overwhelmed by the welcome they have received. One of them, meeting an eighth-grade student at a school near Tengeru, introduced himself as a Peace Corps volunteer. The student's only reaction: "What tribe you from?" Another, in Arusha, was admiring some wood carvings recently at a sidewalk vendor's display. A matronly Englishwoman also stopped to admire the carvings. They started chatting. Her husband arrived and joined in. When the young American announced that he was with the Peace Corps they both gave him dirty looks and walked off in a huff. Americans are not particularly popular among the whites of East and Central Africa, for, among other reasons, the recent pronouncements of G. Mennen Williams.

So run the pluses and the minuses. Peace Corps policy still is fuzzy on a number of important points. Some may feel that in a project that is going to cost the U.S. approximately $325,000 a year there should be no blind spots. Others would say that in any such undertaking unforeseen problems are bound to come up from time to time.

The volunteers themselves are bearing up well as they swing through the country in their Land-Rovers surveying for roads, building and asphalting roads, checking soil for minerals, trying to make their six-hundred-word Swahili vocabulary get them to right places and away from wrong places. From Mtwara on the Indian Ocean to Kigoma on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, the volunteers are working fifty hours a week for $168 a month, armed with canned goods, malaria pills, Primus stove, alcohol lamp, snakebite kit, cot, Swahili book, and one metal cup. None of them expect to change Tanganyika with words; few even imagine they'll do it with deeds. They apparently just want to do their building, surveying, and mapmaking—trading their own specialized knowledge for practical experience that may help them later on in their careers.

STILL, in the back of some of their minds is the big question that involves not only them but their nation: "Will we succeed?"

"Maybe some of us won't," one of them told me. "But then again, some of us probably will."

Aid for Our Own Underdeveloped Areas

JULIUS DUSCHA

A SILVER-PAINTED water tower in the rolling countryside of the Arkansas Ozarks marks the site of the first Federal depressed-areas project. It has helped to bring jobs to almost five hundred people, nearly all of them women. But the project has also raised a few troublesome questions about the new $394-million program to help millions of Americans in numerous pockets of poverty across the nation.

Each morning the women and a few men come out of the hills and valleys, the towns and villages, to work in a new shirt factory that is down the road from the water tower. Some of the women live fifty miles from the plant, but the long drive to and from a day of monotonous work at a sewing machine is not considered a hardship among the proud hill people. After all, the wages—$1.15 to $1.60 an hour—are good.

Good, that is, by the standards of Marion and Baxter Counties in

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northern Arkansas, where the per capita income is six hundred dollars a year, where a farmer is lucky to get fifteen hundred dollars a year in cash, where clerks in the small-town stores earn as little as twenty-five dollars a week, and where once fiercely independent people patiently line up for surplus food each month. The $26,000 weekly payroll at the Mar-Bax Shirt Company means big business for the merchants around the neat square in Mountain Home, a town of twenty-five hundred that is the largest community in these hills. The people of Marion and Baxter Counties were, in fact, so eager to get industry that they voted a $535,000 bond issue to build a modern plant for the shirt factory, leased the plant to a textile manufacturer at a price that will not even pay for the building over a thirty-five-year period, raised their own taxes to make up the difference of nearly $90,000, and agreed to help keep unions out of the plant.

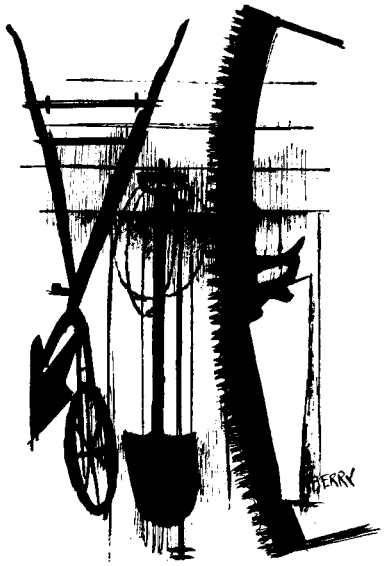
After mortgaging themselves as well as increasing their taxes, the trusting people of the two counties discovered that they needed a water system for their handsome new factory. But at that point last May their pockets were empty. So some of the businessmen who had helped to bring the factory to the community went to Washington to see what the new Area Redevelopment Administration could do for them.

THE AGENCY was set up early last May after President Kennedy signed into law the long-awaited depressed-areas legislation. The bill had been high on the President's priority list of domestic measures. Twice President Eisenhower had successfully vetoed similar measures, and the new administration was eager to prove how wrong its predecessor was and how much Federal loans and grants could do to bring industry to depressed areas.

With the help of Senator J. William Fulbright (D., Arkansas), the businessmen from the Ozarks got the first grant and loan under the program. The Federal government gave the two counties $129,000 and lent them another $31,000. With the $160,000 in Federal aid, a well was drilled, a 250,000-gallon water tank was built, and a ten-inch main was constructed to bring water to the new factory building as well as to the nearby town of Gassville, which has a population of 250.

As the well and the pipes were put down and the water tank was put up, a textile manufacturer named Donald Cooper moved $500,000 worth of the latest cutting, sewing, and pressing equipment into the air-conditioned, well-lighted plant that is his for thirty-five years at an annual rental of only eighteen thousand dollars. From the outside the pink and blue plant looks more like a modern high school than a busy shirt factory.

Cooper, whose name is always preceded by "Mister" as it is pronounced almost reverently by the people of the area, had moved to Arkansas after selling out another



shirt-making operation in another community-built plant in Lafayette, Tennessee. Cooper is not in business for his health, and no one around Mountain Home blames him for making the most of his opportunities. After all, the concessions the people of the Ozarks have granted him are common throughout the subsidy-happy and industry-starved South.

THIS $1,195,000 investment in the hills of Arkansas, standing in the middle of a field surrounded by thin soil that never yielded much before, represents hope not only for two sparsely populated counties but for hundreds of other communities that have not shared in the nation's general prosperity.

In another field not far away I talked with Gene Alexander on a recent sunny afternoon. His thirty-two-year-old wife, Ettie Mae, was working in the factory. She liked it, but her husband was not so sure that an Ozark woman's place was behind a sewing machine eight hours a day. With Ettie Mae working, her mother must look after their two young daughters, but the Alexanders need the money. They hope it will eventually mean a new house to replace their clean but unpainted cabin.

The Alexanders' reaction to the plant is typical of the way it is viewed by most of the people of the area. The money the women earn is needed so desperately by people in the hills and valleys that they are willing to do almost anything to accommodate the plant to their simple lives. Families that otherwise would have left the area have stayed on, although many counties in this region have lost as much as thirty per cent of their population in the last ten years. Some families have regular cash income for the first time in years. Children go to school better dressed and are better fed than they or their parents ever were. Women who had never before been in a beauty parlor are now able to get their hair done every week or two.

Doubts and a Slow Start

Looking at the depressed-areas program solely in terms of the Arkansas Ozarks and similar regions throughout the country, it is already obvious that the Federal loans and grants will be a tremendous help to individual communities. But the good news from Mountain Home leaves unanswered a number of disturbing questions about the use of Federal funds to aid, even indirectly, the low-capital, low-pay, and highly unstable industries that are inevitably attracted to depressed areas, where the only asset usually is cheap and extremely tractable labor. One project does not, of course, add up to a program, but the difficult economic, social, and political questions that are bound up in the Arkansas experiment will have to be faced many more times by the Area Redevelopment Administration before the over-all shape of a sound national policy can be agreed upon.

Partly because so many of the

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larger questions of policy remain unanswered, the program has gotten off to an agonizingly slow start under ARA Administrator William L. Batt, Jr., who came to Washington last spring from Pennsylvania, where he had had experience in state redevelopment efforts—and politics. An articulate and thoughful man, the son of a successful industrialist, Batt seems to be a better advocate than he is an administrator. He has appeared to err on the side of caution in the nine months he has been running the ARA under the often impatient supervision of Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges. When Hodges was Governor of North Carolina, he aggressively pursued a policy of intensive industrialization for his state, even traveling to Europe to promote North Carolina's wares. But up to now he has failed to impart the same hard-sell approach to the Federal depressed-areas program. Congress, to be sure, has done its bit to slow things down by requiring ARA to clear its projects with eight other departments and agencies, including the Small Business Administration, where some bureaucrats look on the depressed-areas program as a dangerous rival that must be held in check. The ARA has thus become trapped in a thicket of red tape and interagency rivalries.

Batt is fully aware of the dangers of subsidizing industries that are simply looking for a crutch to support inefficient management and uneconomic enterprise. The blatantly anti-union overtones of the Arkansas project, for example, were bitterly attacked by liberal supporters of the new program as well as by right-wing Republicans eager to embarrass the Kennedy administration.

As a result of all these complexities and doubts, only a handful of specific projects have been undertaken in addition to the Arkansas water system. A total of $213,300 was allocated to the Eastern Shore town of Cambridge, Maryland, for a sewer system serving an industrial park. Mountain City, Tennessee, got $106,300 for both a water and sewer system in *its* industrial park. Carbondale, Illinois, received $500,000 to modernize a plant for an industrial-tape firm that is ready to move in, providing five hundred jobs.

The first grant to West Virginia, where depressed areas are almost as numerous as coal mines once were, went to Mingo County. There, in the town of Gilbert, the Federal government will finance half the cost of a $1,148,000 furniture factory employing two hundred people.

Some small technical-assistance projects and retraining programs have also been set up. The technical projects range from an examination of the potentialities of low-grade iron ore in northern Minnesota to methods for opening new markets for the declining fishing industry of Massachusetts. Three of the first six retraining programs were established in West Virginia. These provide subsistence payments for unemployed men and women who want to learn a trade that is in demand and assistance to vocational and other schools so that they can open special retraining classes. But there is an obvious limit to what can be accomplished by retraining individual workers in a national economy where jobs are still scarce even for many highly skilled workers.

At the rate money is trickling out of Washington to the depressed areas, the ARA may have difficulty disposing of the $171 million that Congress has given the agency for the current fiscal year.

One Sixth of a Nation

For the full four-year program, Congress authorized $394 million. Of this sum, $300 million will be in the form of low-interest, long-term loans. One third of the loan money will go to help cities build and equip factories and another third will be given to rural areas for the same purpose. The last $100 million is to be lent to both urban and rural communities to finance sewer and water systems and other public facilities that will attract industry. Another $75 million has been earmarked for grants to construct public facilities, $14.5 million for retraining, and $4.5 million for technical assistance. Federal loans may not exceed sixty-five per cent of the cost of a project, but a grant may cover the entire cost. Each project aided by a Federal loan must include state and local financing as well as private funds.

Nearly twenty-nine million Americans—almost a sixth of the nation's population—live in the 863 counties that are eligible for aid under the depressed-areas program. Aside from the picturesque hills and valleys of the Arkansas Ozarks, these areas include the coal-mining and cut-over timber and farming regions of the Appalachian Mountains, the abandoned coal mines of southern Illinois, the exhausted iron-ore country of northern Minnesota, and the bleak stretches of Montana's Indian country, as well as one-industry cities like Detroit and several hard-pressed communities of southern Indiana.

Several Texas counties have heatedly protested their designation as redevelopment areas, but every city and county on the ARA list meets the criteria set out by Congress. To qualify for Federal aid, a city must have persistent unemployment considerably above the national average, and a rural area must have an extremely low per capita income. Areas also must draw up comprehensive redevelopment plans before specific industrial or community projects can be supported.

In some of the depressed areas, people have never made a really good living, either because the soil was too thin or the rainfall too light. In others life was once not so bad when men were mining coal or iron, building automobiles without the aid of many work-saving machines, making steel with their brawn instead of by automation, or turning out precision devices that could not be duplicated by machines. But now about all most of the depressed areas have to offer is people. If factories are not located where the people are, the people will follow their friends, neighbors, and relatives to the cities where there are jobs.

The alternative to the industrialization of small towns and rural areas may well be such drastic declines in the populations of these communities that only the old and infirm will be left, desperately trying to get by on meager relief payments. But although the depressed-areas legislation prohibits pirating plants, aiding runaway factories, and assisting avowedly anti-union ventures, the net result of the Federal loans and grants could easily be nothing more than a temporary and highly un-

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satisfactory rearrangement of national industrial patterns. The problem is similar to those encountered in many slum-clearance projects, which merely create new slums by moving low-income families from one part of the city to another.

What will happen to the communities and the resources they have committed to industry at considerable sacrifice if the often risky ventures do not succeed? And what will happen to even a going concern when the advantages of the Federal help run out? There would seem to be a distinct danger that a number of subsidized factory buildings in the countryside may turn into very expensive white elephants.

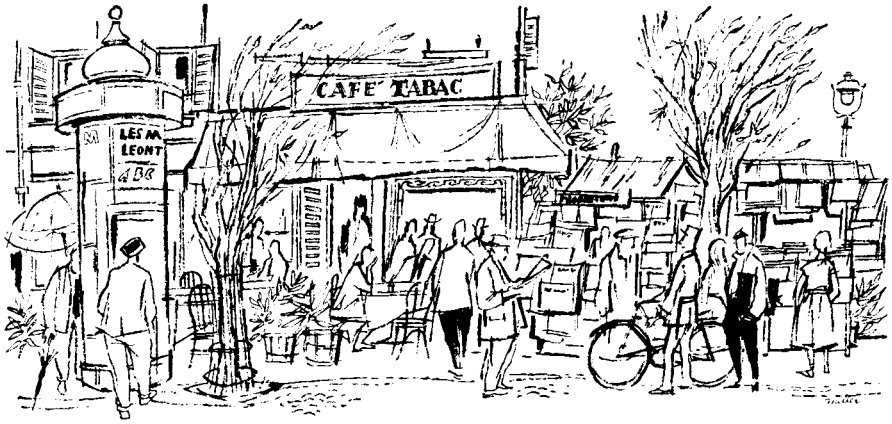
Still another trend working against the depressed-areas program is the continuing decline in the number of factory jobs. A new plant generally uses more machinery and fewer people than an older facility which it may be supplementing or supplanting. The first ARA project in West Virginia, for instance, is yielding only two hundred jobs on a Federal, state, local, and private investment of more than $1 million.

It is still much too soon to pass any final judgment on an experiment that has started as slowly as has the depressed-areas program. Even some of the most vocal proponents of the legislation, however, are already privately expressing second thoughts about the program.

The ARA approach is, of course, only one way to attack endemic poverty in depressed areas. And while it may not wipe out the disease, it would seem to be a very necessary first-aid measure in many parts of the country. It is difficult to argue about the over-all needs of the nation in depressed areas like the Arkansas Ozarks counties where a silver water tower and a modern factory building mean jobs and clothes and food for people who need them desperately. In the Mountain Home area of Arkansas, there is already talk of a box factory moving in to supply the shirt plant, and this could mean another fifty or one hundred jobs.

Here then, hopefully, are all the makings of an industrial boomlet for a typical depressed area that is only asking the nation for a chance to earn its own living.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



'How Shall I Read This Book?'

ALFRED KAZIN

Long before Bennett Cerf bought it, the Modern Library, which has surely been the most influential collection of reprints we have had, was launched by a well-known rake and highly adventurous publisher named Horace Liveright. To this day you can occasionally pick up in secondhand bookshops old Modern Library selections, in the imitation leather bindings (preserved by some special castor-oil process) that show the figure of the running and naked flame-bearer who is as typical of the crusading artiness of the twenties as some of the titles themselves—*The House with the Green Shutters;* Norman Douglas's *South Wind;* five books by Anatole France; W. L. George's *A Bed of Roses;* Edgar Saltus's *The Imperial Orgy;* illustrations of the work of Rodin and Whistler; Balzac's *Droll Stories* and Artsybashev's *Sanine.*

By the early thirties, when I was starting college and beginning to buy Modern Library books for myself at Macy's, which sometimes sold them for a dime in order to get customers into the store, the Modern Library—binding, flame-bearer, and all—pretty much reflected the tastes that *I* had, which was a potpourri of Havelock Ellis's *The Dance of Life* and E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room;* the tastes boasted by the more advanced girls in the literary set at high school, which meant Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* and Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises;* the tastes that my more militant friends urged me to have, which was Karl Marx's *Capital and Other Writings* and John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World;* the tastes which I should have liked to have but didn't—which was Anatole France's *Penguin Island.*

Still, all these tastes came, so to speak, out of the Modern Library. Though most of the books that I read, and some of the books that I cared for most, came out of the regularly published editions that I borrowed from the Saratoga Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library, it interests me now that when I was sixteen, the Modern Library was so important to me (and not altogether because Macy's sometimes brought them down to *six* cents) that I always respected, even when I could not read them, books like Dmitri Merejkowski's *The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci.* They were in the Modern Library, and the choices of the Modern Library, to me, represented not only the causes of all progressive men, like Marx and Freud, but the classics, like *Tom Jones* and *Jude the Obscure* and *Green Mansions,* that I felt, with that imprimatur of the flame-bearer

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on them, it was proper for me to know.

True, there was not much poetry in the Modern Library except by way of equally modish anthologies. But when I began to read poetry seriously, I found many old poets in Everyman's Library; I could read *collections* of single poets, I could buy *works* by George Herbert and William Blake, Crashaw and Traherne. In Everyman's Library I could now discover Dostoevsky's first novel, *Poor Folk,* and not just *Crime and Punishment;* I was able to buy John Woolman's great Quaker journal of his life, and not just selected essays on the making of religion by Malinowski or anthologies on the making of man edited by V. F. Calverton. If the Modern Library had been my high school, Everyman's Library was my college and university. Everyman's alone, so far as I could see, had all the volumes of Vasari's *Lives of the Painters,* and not just the usual selection from them; it had not only Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus,* which was in our anthology at college, in *all* the different anthologies they kept trying at college, but also Carlyle's *Reminiscences.* It had all of Addison's *Spectator* papers, which were out of fashion, and Henri Barbusse's great novel of the First World War, *Under Fire,* which wasn't—but which might just as well have been out of fashion, for all that the Modern Library and my other cultural authorities did about it. There were a thousand volumes in Everyman's Library, and while many of them were unavailable and others were always being kept out of the United States by American publishers who claimed that they could publish these books themselves (but didn't), the Everyman's made such a marvelous cross-section of the world's great books that I wasn't surprised to hear that Theodore Roosevelt had taken many, in special bindings, on his hunting expedition in Africa. Where else would I have obtained Crèvecoeur's *Letters from an American Farmer* and all of Charlotte Brontë; Byron's *Letters,* Macaulay's *History of England* as well as his *Essays* and the Arthurian chronicles? Where else Goncharov's *Oblomov* and Alphonse Daudet? Where else would I have stumbled on Hilaire Belloc's poems and Hazlitt's *Table Talk,* Cobbett's *Rural Rides,* Captain Cook's *Voyages of Discovery,* Defoe's *A Tour Through England and Wales?*

For it was not a *modern* library I wanted, but a library—I wanted the books themselves, whole, entire, uncut, unabridged and unmolested. I wanted the poets I wanted from first poems to last; I wanted the plays by the romantic poets, even if everybody else said they were not worth reading; I wanted not select passages or choice gems or extracts from the best books, not the Library of the World's Best Humor or the Sixty-Two Best Stories, not President Eliot's five-foot shelf—I wanted *all* the stories by Chekhov, all the essays by Hazlitt, all the poems by Donne. I didn't plan to read them all right away, or if I did read them all, to study them all. I just wanted to have them where I could keep my eye on them, where I could look through them if I ever wanted to. And since there wasn't any family library, no collected sets of Dickens and Thackeray on our shelves at home, I wanted to be sure that I could read *Sketches by Boz* and *The Mystery Of Edwin Drood* for myself when I wanted to. The sophisticated light brought by the flame bearer on the Modern Library books had left *me* too much of dark; but I discovered that in the Oxford World's Classics I could pick up all of Trollope and almost all of Tolstoy, including his wonderful moral essays, and in the direct and pungent translations of Aylmer and Louise Maude, always a bit more Russian in their bluntness than the "By Joves" and Bloomsbury manners of Constance Garnett. The old paper-backed Tauchnitz books for travelers, forbidden in the United States but of course as easy to bring in as *Ulysses* in the twenties, had Henry James's *Transatlantic Sketches,* which no American publisher had had on his list for fifty years. There were volumes on Fourth Avenue of the old Bohn Library of the World's Classics, published in Edinburgh, in which you could read all of Schiller's essays on "esthetical" subjects and all his plays, Lessing's criticism from *The New Laokoön,* and Goethe's essays in science. The anthology of criticism that we used at college was called *The Great Critics,* and it made much of furnishing us with texts that no American undergraduate had ever heard of—which is easy. But it had only snippets of Lessing, paragraphs of Sainte-Beuve. What I wanted, now that I was beginning to write criticism for a living, was the works of the great critics who could still be read as writers—Sainte-Beuve's *Monday Chats* and *Portraits of the Eighteenth Century,* Matthew Arnold's essays on the moderns, John Jay Chapman on Emerson, Henry James on Turgenev, Paul Elmer More on Gissing, Bernard Shaw on practically anything and the Van Wyck Brooks whose first books were published in England.

I wanted access to the complete works by the best writers, and I wanted the good books of the forgotten and neglected writers. I wanted these books for myself, and I wanted them both as tools and symbols of my freedom as a thinking being. Only through books would one gain access to the past that one had never lived, to the literatures whose languages one had never heard, to the countries one might never see. Only in books that were not assigned to you, that indeed were usually kept from you, could you find the key to the hidden issue. Books were not only liberations, of course; but the good ones somehow did liberate you and explain things even as they delighted you, and often they liberated by the very passion that had molded their form.

When the war came and I finally got abroad, I was lucky enough to get to the Labour Bookshop in Charing Cross Road the day they had one last set left of Alexander Herzen's great memoirs of Russian family life and Russian liberalism in the nineteenth century, *My Past and Thoughts.* I remember standing there with the five little volumes in my hands and looking up at the words of Bernard Shaw lettered on the walls—"Only in books has mankind known perfect liberty, justice, truth and peace." One of my jobs in Britain was to report on the popular education movement in the British armed forces and the trade unions; so large a portion of young

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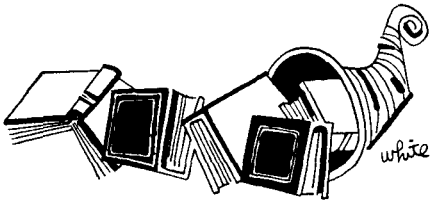
people in Britain had never passed beyond the elementary grades that the social upheaval of the war had now compelled the authorities to assist the troops in wartime to some of the cultural tradition they had been kept from in peace. And as I discovered, not altogether because a large part of the population had not been given its chance, books as books were important to people in Britain. I discovered to my amazement that even in wartime the British published more books in a single year than we did; that British publishers kept books in print much longer than American publishers did. And just as the British feeling for books was behind Everyman's Library, the Oxford World's Classics, the Mermaid Series of great playwrights, the great Oxford University texts of the poets, the Temple Classics, the Nonesuch Editions, so the Penguin paperbacks, selling originally at sixpence each, kept 1,200 titles in print out of three thousand they had published.

Although the Penguin series had been started in the thirties as a reprint series for recent work (the leading authors were Hemingway, Dorothy Sayers, André Maurois), the editors of the series, headed by scholars such as L. E. Beales, carefully kept classics in print. By 1946 they were putting out ten selected works by each of such writers as Bernard Shaw, D. H. Lawrence, Evelyn Waugh. The whole English idea, so far as I could see, was to give the interested reader access to all the books he wanted and at prices he could afford. I remember ladies in London teashops anxiously holding up a book to catch the last light as they chewed their food. It was in England, under the buzz-bombs, that I found in undisturbed bookshops the old editions, the source materials, the forgotten critical biographies, that I could never find at home except in Fourth Avenue cellars under accumulated issues of *Captain Billy's Whizz Bang*. I had always known that Constable in England had brought out a complete set of Melville, but that no American publisher had; no American publisher has as yet even completed one. Macmillan in England had published a complete Henry James; no American publisher had done so since Scribner's New York Edition. I had often heard complaints from American publishers that the British tended to put books out without the same careful and exhaustive proofreading that ours were supposed to go through; it seemed to me worthwhile to give up the kind of nagging concern with repetitions of words and exact statistics that American publishers went in for and to settle for books that one could buy, that one could comfortably hold in one's hands, that one could put into a pocket.

In France, during the war, I had discovered the Pléiade series of classics conceived by Jacques Schiffrin—books so exquisitely bound and beautifully printed on India paper, so authoritatively edited and so thoughtfully presented, that relatively expensive as they were, one could have a whole library of French classics for far less than one would pay buying all the classics separately. Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* was represented by ten volumes. Teaching in Germany in the early 1950's, I was able to pick up in complete and inexpensive sets the so-called "People's Goethe" in six volumes, the complete Rilke, a marvelous Heine. At home the New York Edition of Henry James—specially bound, I admit—was offered me by private collectors; the price was almost a thousand dollars.



TRUE, the New York Edition is now being reissued at popular prices, two volumes a year, and since the war we have had the paperback revolution. But so far as I am concerned, the reprint houses and the paperback manufacturers are still trying to select my reading for me. We are more than ever the country of the five-foot shelf, the great books course, the Syntopicon, the book digest, the book club, the survey course. The college anthology that used to be a historical anthology from Beowulf to Virginia Woolf is now a critical anthology of the best English poems from George Herbert to Wallace Stevens, and more than ever do American publishers and editors offer tidbits and gimmicks instead of books. We specialize in introductions to literature, in "authoritative" abridgments from literature, in "great scenes from the world's best novels," in the sunrise semester that takes up Plato one week and Stendhal another, in the midnight semester that shows Sam Levenson interviewing Dr. Ashley Montagu. We hire W. Somerset Maugham to abridge the world's great novels and Malcolm Cowley to write an introduction to great scenes from literature. Look down the recent paperbacks in any stationery store—*Great Love Scenes from the World's Best Literature; Banned! Selections from Censored Books; Stories in the Modern Manner; More Stories in the Modern Manner*. Do stories have to be this much in the Modern Manner for us to read them? There are more and more book clubs now to enable the reader to receive what someone else has decided he should read—Catholic Book Clubs, Jewish Book Clubs, Contemporary History Book Clubs, Civil War Book Clubs, Psychology Book Clubs. There is one book club that reflects the taste of professors of English; another that speaks for well-heeled members of A.D.A.; one that reflects the tastes of the more advanced psychiatrists and another that reflects nothing so much as a desire to imitate *this* book club without betraying the fact that it really has no taste of its own. And always the basic characteristic of such clubs and libraries and gift offerings is that they do not give the reader a chance to discover what he hasn't read and needs to know. They present him with such a bewildering variety of books from so many different periods and of so many different types that he feels as if all culture were being run by *Reader's Digest*.

THIS IS WHAT so many reprints of books in America are today—digests. Just as many of the "serious" magazines depend on selections from forthcoming books that may sometimes have been written so as to make selecting easy for the maga-

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zines, so the revivals and reprints and new editions of books in paperback often produce in me the same protest that I feel about magazines —"Why must I read this *now?*"— whenever one comes and I am expected to drop everything for a profile of the ambassador from Belgium or a story on the sorrows of miners in Patagonia. Publishing can drown our cultural life in its very avidity; it needed more and more titles to be sold to more and more customers. Finally, any forgotten book becomes a classic, any publisher's arbitrary selection a cultural "necessity." Just as news is so often written up where there is no news, so with the popularity of paperbacks and reprints and book digests and book aids and book clubs, books are being reprinted that really answer to no ascertainable need whatever, that make it impossible to publish the books that we do need or to find on the shelves the books that we are looking for.

Even the quality paperbacks are as arbitrary in their choices as magazines. They are usually reprints. They are "safe" by definition because someone has chosen them out of the many cemeteries of dead books. Though many excellent publishers have tried the experiment of fetching customers with new novels in paperback, the experiment is rarely successful; what the American customer wants in a paperback is not only to spend less than he does for two drinks, but to make sure that the book is reputable merchandise. The less people know about literature, the less they live *in* it and depend on it, the stricter they are with books. And just as it is only writers now who are foolishly and heedlessly enthusiastic about books they like, crying "Wonderful!" "Great!", so it is the wary reader who asks, as a student of mine once did, "How shall I read this book?," or in a paperback store suspiciously demands whether *Jude the Obscure* is not a better bet for him than *The Loved One.*

Paperbacks allay the suspicions of the nonreading public; they are cheap, they *may* be classics (or else why were they reprinted?) and they don't force themselves upon your home the way regular books do. A paperback is somehow more lendable and losable and disposable than a "real" book; there's no loss of cultural prestige in lacking the right selection or (even) in buying the wrong one. Making a mistake, *paperbookwise,* is like kissing a girl at an office party; everybody understands that it is a gesture, not a basic involvement. And so the reprints flow out, and out, and out, until even the clerks downstairs at the best bookstores don't seem to know where to look on the shelves they completely revamped according to the new system only last week.

And why do we get Schwach-Ebbing's *History of Greek Philosophy* now, just now? Because it is (1) available to Damnation Press, (2) because the managing editor of Damnation remembers looking at it in college and being terribly impressed, (3) because it may serve as a textbook to a college or an assist to some great books course in Westchester. Of course it is good to have many of these books; and remembering Emerson's wistful admission that if he ever saw an American in a train reading Shakespeare or Calderón he would go over and hug him, I am delighted that so many of these books are bought. But I have yet to be convinced that very many of them are read. It is impossible for even a fanatic like myself to read more than a fraction of the paperbacks I am always buying.

Still, it is fine to have in paperback Rilke's *Letters* and Evelyn Underhill's great book on mysticism; Walter Kaufmann's excellent book on Nietzsche and Edmund Wilson's essays from the *New Yorker;* I am delighted to have on my shelves *Alice B. Toklas's Cookbook* and Frederick Olmstead's reports on the South before the Civil War (though this is the abridgment of an abridgment). Fine, fine to have Melville's too little known novel, *The Confidence-Man.* But you will notice that there is still no complete American edition of Melville's works. The interested student who turns to *The Confidence-Man* and learns from the critics that this book is a valuable antidote to what is called sentimental liberalism will still not have easy access, in paperback, or any other back, to better books by Melville that are less bitter in tone. But *The Confidence-Man* has been added to our sophistication, like Danish furniture and French cigarettes and Jackson Pollock. And sophistication is the collective and modish standard that is in power, whereas a serious and inquiring mind should know of and should have access to all the works from which he can choose for himself.

'The Most Exciting Place on Earth'

FRED GRUNFELD

West Berlin

At the Theater des Westens, five minutes' drive from Ulbricht's wall, a new German operetta has been playing to packed houses for many weeks. It has sparkling songs and dances by a composer whom Berlin is proud to call a native son, and the plot deals with the rehabilitation of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks, as one used to say. At first she can express herself only in Berlin's ghastly gutter argot (which remains identical on both the wrong and right sides of the present wall), but after learning to speak in the clipped accents of proper High German she manages to pass for a princess. In its bare outlines the libretto may sound as though the author had simply put some reverse English on *The Student Prince,* but in any case the operetta has taken West Berlin by storm. Every schoolboy can sing all its hit numbers in appropriately faulty or flawless German—*"Mit 'nem kleenen Stückchen Glück,* for example, and *"Ich bin gewohnt an ihr Gesicht."* Virtually everything about *My Fair Lady,* in fact, has been taken over bodily into the Berlin vernacular; only the English title and setting have been preserved.

For five years, while *My Fair Lady* was being translated into a gabble of

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other languages, including Icelandic, Frederick Loewe refused even to discuss the idea of letting someone set German words to his music. This aversion to his mother tongue stems from the days of the Nazis and extends to anything that is even remotely Teutonic. (Several Germans to whom I have tried to explain his viewpoint were astonished that anyone, "especially an artist," could still harbor such resentments long after they themselves had buried the issue.) Finally, however, Loewe sold his interests to a paper proprietor with limited sensitivity, thereby clearing the way for Lars Schmidt, the Swedish producer, to acquire the German rights.

That he selected West Berlin for the premiere was greeted here as conclusive evidence that the city remains the real theater capital of Germany—a preoccupation of Berliners ever since they lost their actual *Hauptstadt* status. As a film director said to me recently, "If we aren't the cultural headquarters of Germany, where else can you look? Not Hamburg, though it tries hard to be; not Munich, which will never be anything more than a provincial town; and you weren't thinking, *etwa,* of Frankfurt?"

As it turned out, Ulbricht's machinations drove the long-awaited theatrical coup right off the front pages. Instead of underscoring the city's special role in cultural affairs, West German papers began to speculate uneasily about the future of its position.

The wall also cast an ugly shadow over the other major event of the current season, the opening of the new Deutsche Oper Berlin, which replaced the undersized and outmoded Municipal Opera—a postwar stopgap that had trouble competing with the big Staatsoper in the Soviet sector. Fritz Bornemann, a local architect whose plans won a competition for the project a decade ago, has solved the main problems of an opera house with an elegance and startling economy of line that derives from the best Bauhaus methods of the 1920's. The auditorium has superb acoustics. Behind an expandable proscenium arch a battery of devices that are the last word in theatrical motility and mechanization is concealed. The protean main stage, for example, breaks down into six separately movable platforms. Wood paneling and gray carpets replace the traditional gilt and red; in lobbies and staircases, Mondrianesque handrails of enameled iron contrast with columns of undisguised concrete that bear faint traces of their spiral molds. There is no doubt that Bornemann has "evoked the mental resonance of opera in our times," as he set out to do, and that in this framework West Berlin may rival Vienna and Milan as an operatic showcase. The nineteen hundred guests who attended the formal inauguration, including a sprinkling of allied officers in dress uniforms, scarcely needed Mayor Willy Brandt's reminder that this was more than a social occasion, that it represented "a big step toward making Berlin the center of Germany." In Europe it goes without saying that a city is known by the symphony orchestra, the art galleries, and the opera company it keeps.

At the end of the war, when most of the famous museums and the State Opera fell to Russia's portion, West Berlin was left with only one of these prerequisites, the Philharmonic, which promptly resumed its concerts although the old hall had been bombed out. Herbert von Karajan, its present chief, may lack the greatness of such predecessors as Nikisch and Furtwängler, but the Philharmonic has never had any serious rivals for primacy among German orchestras. West Berlin's *Kulturpolitik*—a peculiar word that gives equal weight to both culture and politics—made it imperative that the orchestra receive a new home of suitably sumptuous proportions. The city's best-known architect, Hans Scharoun, drew up plans for a figure-eight auditorium far more radical than Bornemann's. The site, again for kulturpolitical reasons, is almost within earshot and prominently within sight of the sector boundary.

A city's cultural importance obviously cannot be measured only in terms of buildings and budgets, but West Berlin has also nurtured the intangibles that make for leadership in matters of art and intellect. It is not only isolation and uncertainty, a Socialist government, and the proverbial *Berliner Schnauze,* or "big trap," that set this island apart from West Germany; there is also a lingering memory of the golden era that ended abruptly in 1933. In the Federal Republic they talk of Goethe and the classics. Berlin remembers the days of Klee, Kokoschka, and Kandinsky, of the *Dreigroschenoper* at the Schiffbauerdamm, of Max Reinhardt's *Saint Joan,* of Hindemith setting headlines to music, of Ernst Barlach producing plays and sculptures on alternate Tuesdays, of Thomas Mann in the lecture hall, Marlene and *Dr. Mabuse* at the movies.

Postwar Berlin could not hope to match the atmosphere of that lost paradise but at least it could build on the little that remained. It brought back some of the exiles to aid in the painful process of reconstruction. Carl Ebert, for example, returned from California to reorganize the operatic forces he had led in the early 1930's; Mary Wigman reopened her dance studio here; Hindemith came to conduct, Fritz Lang and Leopold Lindtberg to direct, Elisabeth Bergner to act. West Berlin drama students were the first to rediscover the plays of Elsa Lasker-Schuler, who died forgotten in Palestine; they were the first to reread Kurt Tucholsky, who died forgotten in Sweden and is now the patron saint of Berlin letters. Even *Dr. Mabuse* has reappeared, produced this time by Arthur Brauner, a Polish Jew who came here penniless from a concentration camp and has since built up the CCC Studios in Spandau that account for forty per cent of West German films.

"You cannot compare the old Berlin to this one," I was recently told by Walter Kahnert, once an assistant to Bruno Cassirer, the great art publisher of the 1920's and again a leading figure among Germany's publishers. "You'd go to a café and at the next table you'd see the world's greatest opera singer, and over there the greatest poet, the foremost actor, and the biggest novelist. We were an Athens; we stayed up and talked all night, every night. Now we go to bed earlier than ever. The Nazis rooted out the best we had, and as a result our art limps along on

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crutches. But this is still the most exciting place in the world. We are a focal point for the conflicts of our time, and the very frictions of this place keep our minds in working trim. We still talk here; we express ourselves; we argue. In West Germany no one says anything. They talk about nothing but their cars and houses, and how well off they are. Everything has been planned down to the most tedious level. We are receptive to ideas in West Berlin; and this is the place, the only place in Germany, where criteria can be established. We're the ones who can apply the seal of approval—the *Wertstempel*—to world literature."

I HAVE HEARD similar comments on Berlin from artists and writers in the Federal Republic, but that was before August 13, which brought about a perceptible change in West German attitudes on this point. The wall, besides being an effective physical obstacle, interposes a definite psychological barrier as well. "Berlin is an offshore island," a Stuttgart conductor summed it up last month. "It has lost its pull on us, and we get along, as Germany did for centuries, without any fixed center. Instead we have a dozen establishments, like the old ducal courts, all more or less self-sufficient. And I prefer that to France, where it's Paris or nothing."

"Culture Senator" Joachim Tiburtius, one of the hardest-working members of the West Berlin government, is waging an uphill battle to counteract the effects of apathy and apprehension in the West. Nearly every section of his Department of Public Education has to contend with problems and handicaps arising directly or indirectly out of the present crisis. Art galleries, for example, have to spend three times more than West German museums to arrange special exhibitions. "The pictures must be shipped by air," he told me, "and that makes them much more expensive to insure. We have even had to arrange a new kind of insurance for the purpose. But I am sorry to say that many art collectors have grown nervous and would rather not take the chance of sending anything to West Berlin."

Under the strain, the local kulturpoliticians have also grown more touchy, more hesitant about committing themselves. When West German television scheduled a play by Bertolt Brecht, long the fair-haired boy of East German propaganda, the West Berlin station quietly cut out the network and turned its cameras on less controversial subjects. Many citizens attacked this decision as a sign that their government was growing narrow-minded. The term *Kalter Krieger*—cold warrior—has always been something of a pejorative here. Senator Tiburtius, on the other hand, regards the incident merely as "an expression of public indignation about the wall; this is a serious time for us, and a certain reaction must be expected." To underscore his point that this is no time for frivolous amusements, Tiburtius has announced that this year's opera ball would be canceled. "Instead of a party, we shall have a very beautiful concert."

West Berlin's cultural influence on the West has been weakened most by the fact that its ties to the East have been severed. For years, important West Berlin institutions tried to preserve the fiction that they were "all-German" and could bridge the gap between East and West. Several men from the East were elected to the Berlin Academy of the Arts, for example; and the head of its literary section, Walther Huder, took the Academy's Georg Kaiser memorial exhibition on a tour of thirteen East German cities. There was a time when students from East Germany could see western theater at preferential rates, when the two halves of the city lived in open competition and Berliners could have the best of both worlds—the Schiller Theater or the Berliner Ensemble, the Philharmonic or the Staatsoper, *Porgy and Bess* or the Russian circus.

Theoretically, foreigners and Bonn Germans can still visit the Soviet sector, but the process is so unpleasant and inconvenient that few care to do so unless they have more pressing business than an evening at the theater. The Staatsoper, incidentally, suffered heavy losses when the border was closed. About 140 of its orchestra, chorus, and ballet members were West Berliners who refused the management's kind invitation to settle in the East after August 13. In addition, so many visiting stars canceled their contracts that half the repertoire became unplayable.

Only Walter Felsenstein, for whom the Russians built the Komische Oper right after the war, has been able to keep his West Berlin artists working in the Soviet sector. He himself has an Austrian passport and lives in West Berlin, commuting to work daily through one of the wall's narrowing apertures. So do about a hundred others from the West, out of a company of six hundred, who chose to stay on and now receive part of their salaries in Westmarks, a special concession that shows how highly the Ulbricht régime values Felsenstein's services. But then Felsenstein, who made a name for himself producing legitimate theater in the Third Reich, is unquestionably Europe's leading opera *régisseur*.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS, I saw his company's newest production, a brilliantly staged *Tosca*, sung by a young American soprano. The Scarpia appeared more sinister than any I have ever seen, and the execution scene was an extraordinary piece of theater. Cavaradossi stood with his back to the audience. A firing squad marched onstage, leveled its rifles at him, and fired a volley aimed straight into the audience. The symbolism seemed inescapable to me: all of us in this East Berlin theater were sharing the condemned man's fate. But from my neighbors' impassive faces is was impossible to tell whether the shot had hit home.

The exceptional case of Felsenstein—"I am not political," he told me, "and I refuse to be badgered into accepting political oversimplifications"—is merely one to prove the rule. In divided Berlin it is futile to talk of "the indivisibility of German art" as Felsenstein does, and there are no more "all-German" institutions. In a city which is only half a living organism, "art runs the risk of becoming atrophied," says Dr. Huder of the Academy. "Yet here and only here have we a chance of building a true center for the arts." And Walter Kahnert adds: "This is the only lively place in Germany. I won't leave this city unless they drive me out."

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Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

You can't see the big lizard roped beneath the porch awaiting his killing, but so potent is the playwright's spell that you shudder as he strains against his bonds. The ropes that trap the people in *The Night of the Iguana* are equally manifest, but this time Tennessee Williams grants his human beings stature and his audience the privilege not only of pity but, in one case at least, of admiration.

The place is a small, ramshackle inn on the west coast of Mexico, steaming in the still green wetness of the rain forest. The people are Mrs. Faulk, the proprietress-widow; Shannon, a defrocked priest now running bus tours along the coast; Hannah Jelkes, a beautiful, intelligent spinster from Nantucket; her aged grandfather, Nonno ("the oldest living and practicing poet"); and others who have nothing to do with the story but plenty to do with the atmosphere. These include four repulsive German tourists who sing as they walk; two Mexican houseboys who serve the widow rather than her customers; a virulent lady Baptist from the bus tour; and a shrill teen-age girl, ravished in a careless moment by Shannon, who regrets it more than she does.

These are the bonds: Hannah's to her dying grandfather and to the fastidiousness, courage, and self-knowledge that condemn her to chastity and loneliness, Widow Faulk's to the insatiable demands of her flesh and the contempt of men, Shannon's to the physical and spiritual torments that make him her prey, Nonno's to the illusion that his poetry is good. The attempts of Shannon and Hannah to free themselves, or rather to free each other from their respective bonds, is the core of the play. It is clear from the start that they will fail, but so tender and luminous is Williams's writing that their hopeless travail is not only engrossing but moving. Against these two, or these three (for Nonno has his own majesty), Williams plays the fierce vulgarity of the Widow Faulk (Bette Davis), who is something to see and hear in tight blue jeans, a red wig, and a shirt opened to the waist; with a walk like a whore's and a laugh like a truck driver's.

The Night of the Iguana has its theatrical irrelevancies, and its moments of suspended belief. Margaret Leighton plays Hannah with great distinction and feeling, but it's sometimes hard to believe that she could ever be an old maid or come from Nantucket. Patrick O'Neal as Shannon enjoys his torments perhaps too much, although this is part of his trouble. But they manage to make you ache, and they show you that Tennessee Williams can do this without violence or the violation of man's image.

Brecht on Brecht is another strong theater experience. Although it concerns only the written thoughts of one man, so wide is their range, so imaginatively have they been selected and ordered by George Tabori, so excellently are they translated into sound by six actors, that the evening becomes a full meal. There is nothing on the stage but the stools on which the actors sometimes sit, two sound men controlling the recorded excerpts from Brecht himself on a platform above, and a pianist below the stage on the right who provides the accompaniment for the songs Lotte Lenya so brilliantly sings.

Alternately the actors read or act out Brecht's philosophies, his humors, his conceits, his ballads, or scenes from his plays: *The Good Woman of Setzuan, The Life of Galileo, The Jewish Wife.* Advice to actors, on critics, Hollywood elegies, burning of the books—Bertolt Brecht, German exile, free soul, roams many regions with a sharp eye, compassion and contempt, and the simplicity of primal innocence.

His spirit should hover happily over the Theatre de Lys and the people whom Cheryl Crawford has picked to honor his talent: Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Anne Jackson, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Michael Wager, and director Gene Frankel. This is the theater of love, and love of truth.

Iguana has one set and *Brecht on Brecht* has no set; facts which, by contrast, confirm my belief that contemporary theater suffers more from overproduction than anything else. I have also come to believe that this overproduction is often the result of turning books into plays, a process that favors the scene designer at the expense of the writer. We have had several instances this season of what I would call "moving theater" because great technical and artistic ingenuity have gone into providing the illusion of twenty different locations instead of staying within one, thus presumably freeing the drama from four walls and the constraints of time and space.

A prime example was *First Love.* As everyone knows, this was Samuel Taylor's adaptation of Romain Gary's extraordinary autobiography, published in France as *La Promesse de l'Aube* and for some time now a best-seller here. Taylor was faced with a terrific task of selection, for Gary's book is not a simple tale of a mother's passionate and unconquerable dreams for her son but a penetration on many levels into the nature of love, hallucination, history, politics, heroism, and duty. And Taylor not only did his skillful and sensitive best to distill these essences but added a device of his own to sharpen them: the physical confrontation of the grown Romain Gary with his childhood and adolescent self. Yet with all this and the dedicated acting of the two miscast principals, Lili Darvas and Hugh O'Brian, and with the highly complex scenic manipulations of Donald Oenslager, the book steadily withered. Smothered by production and an unnecessarily large cast, in spite

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of moving and effective moments *First Love* remained a poster of the book, outlining its contents but never encompassing its style—Gary's style. Here is a case where movies would be far better equipped than theater to convey it.

Take Her, She's Mine and *Something About a Soldier* are other instances of "moving theater," the former considerably more successful than the latter because it conveys what it means to convey—the tribulations of being parents to college-age daughters—directly and often amusingly. But both are so preoccupied by the physical pace of changing scene that the characters are never given time to grow. The blackout is fine for revues but it is a pernicious crutch for writers who cannot sustain their story on the merits of plot and dialogue. What we are left with, then, is a three-dimensional comic strip, with funny lines and funny situations, or scattered dramatic moments that never form a whole.

Something About a Soldier means to say something very important about the hopeless incongruity of rational man in that huge irrationality of a war machine, the army, but here again we have a talented writer, Ernest Kinoy, adapting a novel by Mark Harris which clearly demands the fluidity of the screen rather than the heavy encumbrances of cast and scene change that Dore Schary loads it with. Again, too, we have people who never really have time to make sense.

The only "moving theater" so far that succeeds as theater is *Ross*, and that is because Terence Rattigan is a superb craftsman and because the production (since 1960 a London hit) is so imaginatively conceived that it never intrudes. I saw this study of the enigmatic T. E. Lawrence with Alec Guinness in the title role, remarking in these pages that it was the first time I felt this superb actor was guilty of "hamming." John Mills, who plays it here, doesn't ham, and I think the play has gained accordingly.

SPEAKING about "moving theater," NBC Radio, starting January 17, is broadcasting an extraordinary series of dramatizations of Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. George E. Probst, an associate professor of American history at New York University, has been their guiding spirit, having performed the prodigious task of selection and direction as well as scriptwriting along with Lister Sinclair. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has provided the actors from their repertory group, and an original score was composed and conducted by Lucio Agostini, one of Canada's major contemporary composers. The result is not only a delight to the mind and the ear, it is not only a course of fourteen lessons in "The Happy Republic" of America in the 1830's, it is a re-education in the essence of this democratic heritage: it gives an American pride.

These are some of the program titles: "Where Could I Be Better Off?: A Study in Jacksonian America"; "The Ark of Civilization: A Study in American Character"; "Any Woman Is a Lady: A Study in American Manners"; "The Tyranny of the Majority: A Study in American Freedom." Through them all we hear the querying voices, the delight, bewilderment, and astonishment of the two young traveling Frenchmen, de Tocqueville and de Beaumont, the American voices, from governors to street hawkers, that answered them, the sounds of our streets and towns and markets in those bursting and boisterous days, and above all the marvelous intelligence of de Tocqueville himself, who came to see us more clearly, perhaps, than we have ever seen ourselves since.

"One is carried back," wrote Professor George Wilson Pierson of Yale, the undisputed authority on de Tocqueville in this country, "to the concerns of our great-grandfathers, and forward into the still-unexplored mysteries of self-government. . . . The whole series testifies to unusual learning and imagination in reconstructing Tocqueville's voyage to democracy."

It testifies also to that union of scholarship with showmanship which is the only way mass communications can educate successfully.

It is hard to pin the culprits for the misdemeanor of *Romulus*. The writers first, of course; but who could imagine such theatrically potent talents as Friedrich Duerrenmatt and Gore Vidal turning out this feeble mish-mash of satire and farce which manages to engage neither the mind nor the emotion? The actors? Cyril Ritchard as the last Roman emperor is Cyril Ritchard, convincing himself that his lines are wise and funny; and the rest of the cast tries to do the same with even less success. Certainly Oliver Smith bears a heavy burden for the debacle: this brilliant designer who has so delighted us in so many shows encumbers *Romulus* with a set so hideous in its garish confusion that few scripts could survive it. And what of Roger L. Stevens? Can a producer never smell disaster at the first rehearsal? Ah well; mark it down as one more victory of matter over mind. Not much matter, at that.

Brünnhilde Rides Again

ROLAND GELATT

ONE CANNOT SAY that if there were no *Ring* cycle it would have been necessary to invent one. Richard Wagner's series of music dramas is an imposition by a man of genius, not the ineluctable flowering of a creative epoch. The undertaking is indeed an act of the utmost arrogance. It demands of the spectator some seventeen hours in the theater on four successive evenings; it requires a special breed of leather-lunged singers fit to perform little else; it strains the scenic resources of the most lavishly equipped opera house and exacts unusual endurance and ability from the orchestra. Moreover, it forces us to master at least the bare outlines of an absurdly convoluted plot that is both tedious in exposition (the characters of the *Ring*, as Shaw observed, have a positive mania for autobiography) and murky in significance. And yet we put up with it because of the music, that gorgeous outpour-

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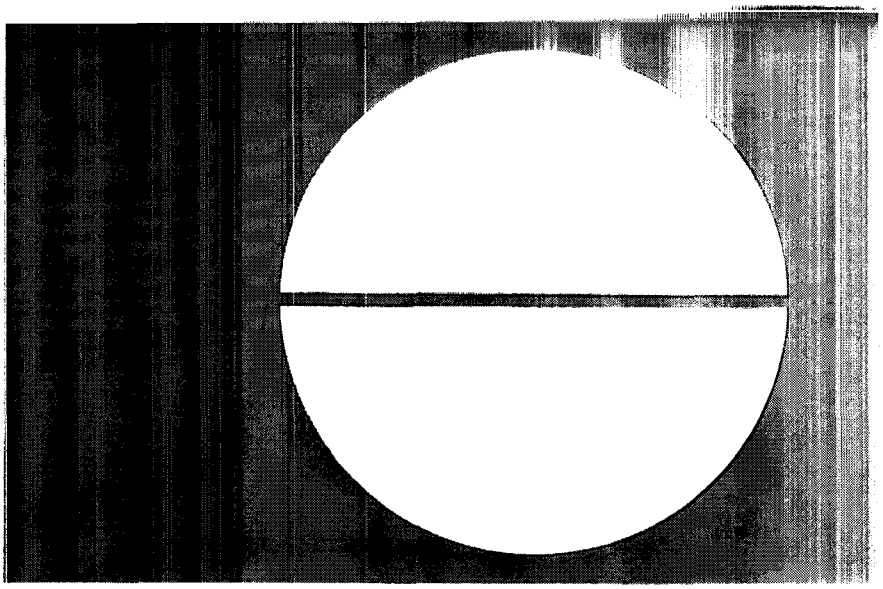

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ing of themes and counterthemes which carries us along inexorably on its polychromatic tide and persuades us somehow to accept Wagner's imposition with delight and gratitude for his genius.

Not that the music itself is an unalloyed pleasure. Certain sections of the *Ring*—the colloquy between Wotan and Brünnhilde in Act II of *Die Walküre,* almost the whole first act of *Siegfried*, the Norn Scene in *Götterdämmerung*—contain some of the dreariest note-spinning ever set down by a first-rate composer. All this must be endured (if the *Ring* cycle is given without cuts) for the sake of other magnificences. The world is divided between those who believe that the pleasures outweigh the pains (the Wagnerites) and those who insist that the operas are pretentious, insufferable ordeals (the Wagnerphobes).

To judge from audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, the supply of Wagnerites is far from depletion. At each representation of the *Ring* cycle, the house was packed with paying ticketholders obviously partisan in their affections and discerningly enthusiastic in their responses. A good proportion, needless to say, were veteran Wagnergoers—the serious, solid citizens who have been patronizing Wagner performances (and little else) at the Met since the days of Bodansky, Flagstad, and Melchior. But the younger generation was also conspicuously in evidence, and if anything more attentive and informed than the old-timers, though most of the under-thirty segment of the audience could hardly have had much previous acquaintance with performances of Wagner's four music dramas.

For this is the first time that the *Ring* cycle has been presented at the Met in five seasons and the first time that it has been performed there uncut since 1945. Wagner has not had a particularly flourishing history at the Met during the past decade or so. The retirement in quick succession of Schorr, Lehmann, Melchior, Flagstad, and Traubel during or shortly after the war left the house suddenly bereft of great Wagner singers, and most of their immediate successors seemed sadly inadequate by comparison. A prudent (and, one gathers, rather Wagnerphobic) management did not press the contrast too far. Wagner was allowed to recede in importance while the Italian repertoire glittered afresh with the luster of Tebaldi, Milanov, De Los Angeles, and Callas. Nobody seemed much to miss the departed Nordic gods and heroes. But a Wagner groundswell was in the making despite our preoccupation with Bellini, Verdi, and Puccini. In the five-year interval between *Ring* cycles at the Met, a new generation of superior Wagnerian singers has reached artistic maturity. At the same time, a new generation of enthusiastic Wagnerites, nurtured on high fidelity recordings, has appeared on the scene. With supply and demand both at high level, much was expected of this season's resurgence of Nibelung lore at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway.

The event, all told, lived well up to expectations. There were, to be sure, certain built-in limitations that consistently plagued the undertaking. The economics of putting on opera in the 1960's do not allow for many new productions, and for this revival of the *Ring* the Met was obliged to use its fourteen-year-old settings. They are surpassable. Lee Simonson, their designer, chose the old-fashioned representational approach to the *Ring* instead of the stark abstractions that are now the fashion in Europe. A good and valid case can be made for the let-it-look-like-the-real-thing approach. I enjoy seeing a "real" dragon in *Siegfried*. But unfortunately, whether through lack of conviction in design or lack of resources in execution, the representational illusion in the Metropolitan's current production is only fitfully sustained. A few of the scenes are convincing (for example, the opening of *Das Rheingold*, with the Rhine maidens undulating across the stage in mid-air), but more are flat and drab (Brünnhilde's mountaintop is about as wildly craggy as Central Park), and some (for instance, the hall of the Gibichungs in *Götterdämmerung*, with a different view across the Rhine in Acts I and III!) seem downright ludicrous. In the circumstances too

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much could not have been expected of Nathaniel Merrill's new staging, but surely he could have made Freya's entrance in *Das Rheingold* somewhat less listless (the orchestra at this point is all agitation) and the Gibichung retainers in *Götterdämmerung* somewhat less wooden.

Another built-in limitation was the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, which played neither too zealously nor too accurately despite Erich Leinsdorf's vigorous direction. No one expects an orchestra in the opera pit to sound like the Boston Symphony (unless the opera pit happens to be in Vienna), but the brass need not burble quite so often nor the strings sound quite so anemic as during the recent *Ring* cycle. The orchestra at the Met has fallen on particularly evil days, and the *Ring* performances mercilessly exposed its inadequacies.

The singing, fortunately, was of much higher caliber. The cast was recruited in approximately equal proportions from singers of American and European origin; and although most of the notable characterizations were contributed by the imported musicians, no excuses at all had to be made for the native contingent. The over-all level of accomplishment was gratifyingly and surprisingly high.

ONE BEGINS with Birgit Nilsson, not only out of conventional gallantry but also because of sheer merit. The current splendor of her singing must be heard to be believed. Even the best of Nilsson's recordings fail to capture the ringing brilliance and hammerlike solidity of her voice. It is perhaps a bit more metallic and edgy than Flagstad's, but the effect is just as securely powerful, and by way of balancing accounts there is more womanliness and softness in the Nilsson characterization of Brünnhilde. Surely a more radiant and believable *Siegfried* Brünnhilde has not appeared at the Met within recent memory.

Two other striking performances emerged from this season's revival of the *Ring:* Karl Liebl's Loge in *Das Rheingold* and Gottlob Frick's Hagen in *Götterdämmerung*. Liebl is a tenor from Wiesbaden who has sung at the Met before in roles that often overtaxed his vocal resources, but

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 48

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 213 2 31 150
"I will not choose what many men desire, Because I will not _____ with common spirits..." Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice.

B. 103 84 30 3 130 207
Tarzan, for example. (3,3)

C. 123 14 52 5 94 146 195 196
In high fashion, this is often plunging.

D. 76 98 199 212 19 174 133 116
"The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue _____ sky." Joseph Addison, The Spectator.

E. 126 221 90 160 144 Unspoken, noiseless.

F. 223 140 165 167 70 114 100 107
A cloth or covering spread over the harness or saddle of a horse.

G. 61 54 102 179 215 210
A fast train (French).

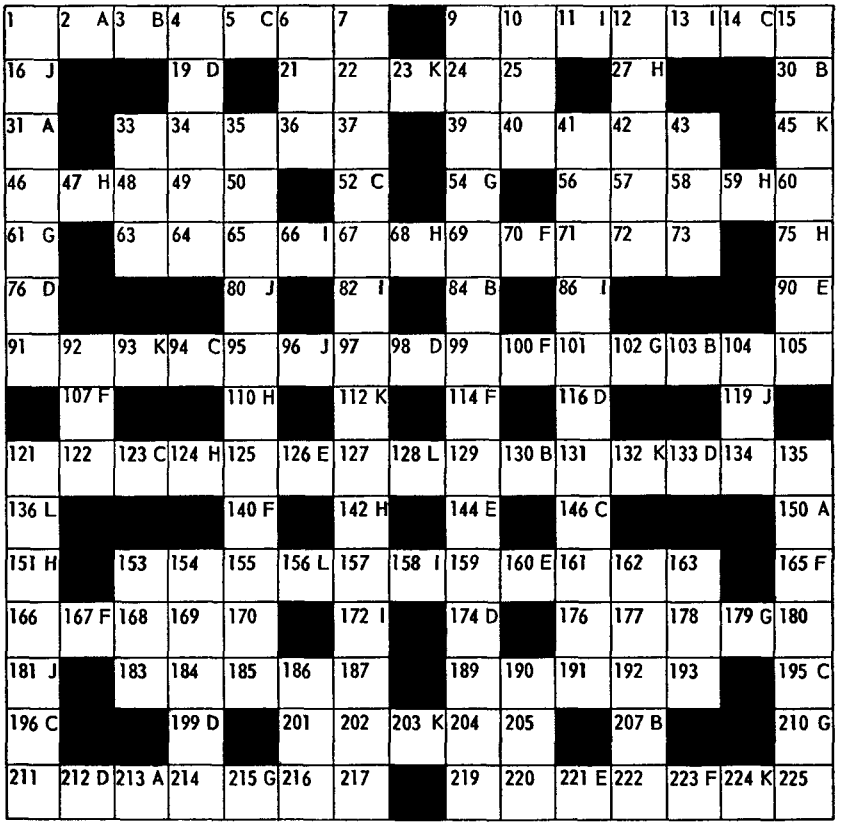
H. 151 110 142 75 27 124 68 47 59
A term applied to certain kinds of folding doors.

I. 86 158 66 13 11 82 172
To supply a garrison with food.

J. 119 96 16 80 181
Gladstone's middle name.

K. 93 203 112 45 224 132 23
Promoter of the construction of the Suez Canal.

L. 156 136 128 A round card game.



Across

1. A dullard's relation makes up Sheridan's Tony.
9. An agnostic has a bout with a Marxist!
21. This sap falls for a siren.
33. I've got the bird, or I've got the flycatcher.
39. The kind of chair used by deans.
46. I need it when I pose.
56. Laughing train.
63. A job for a vet yclept Piping. (3,8)
91. One work palls yet in this resort. (11,4)
121. Not a subjunctive situation but an ambiguous examination result. (11,4)
153. Monologues. Certainly! Your glance is dim.
166. Upset the slip of paper for lamp lighting.
176. I rang for cereal.
183. Sculpture by Michelangelo may be found in Saint Peter's but not in St. Ern's
189. Civil Defense, in short, leaves a scandal, Nosey!
201. The stage seizes one.
211. Decide all over whether the deer gets the jug.
219. Pet rats one may strew about in drops here and their.

Down

1. My pearl came from an eel, not an oyster.
4. A lever may be something to win, I hear.
6. Anger in 4 down without the afterthought.
7. Local gains cease in Augustan times. (12,3)
9. I'd spent most pain on failures of hope.
10. It's singular that it's common to money and phoney things too!
12. A bar in the mind.
15. Replace the inventory with a rock set.
33. A personage who can make a private shed tears.
35. The cleric tore or went counter-clockwise.
41. Four girls lend twaddle, I fear.
43. To pick on a horse.
92. Begone, Ben, begone! That's conceit for you!
104. In Rome things, no more.
121. A boy on a sled or a freighter?
135. The panhandlers held out a wrench.
153. Immerse in cold ipecac.
154. French oil finds an American Root.
162. Concede to the general.
163. Girl? Yes, my gal.
186. Label a gun from the other end.
190. The kind of serpent found about a bathing resort.

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Loge is a part that suits his voice to a "T," and he makes every note a thing of beauty and musical point. In addition, he has worked out the characterization of this crafty, mercurial, sardonic demigod with unflagging imagination and attention to detail. Unlike most opera singers, he is "with" the part every moment, and it is a joy to behold him at work on the stage. Frick is a bass with a great European reputation (indeed, a great international reputation through his many recordings) whose Metropolitan debut this season is decidedly belated. His black, menacing, deep tones (how seldom one hears today a true basso profundo!) would suggest a singer of considerable girth and stature, but Frick is leanly built and of no more than average height. This combination of voice and appearance is perfect for the character of Hagen, who is the archetypal Nazi, a figure of sinister motivations and scheming malevolence. Frick's somber intensity and the jerky abruptness of his movements on stage will linger long in the mind's eye.

Among the American performers, high honors go to mezzo-soprano Irene Dalis and baritone George London. Fricka's role is always a rather thankless one, for Wotan's lawful wife berates her husband unceasingly, and her complaints become tedious. But this is the fault of Richard Wagner and not of Irene Dalis, who portrayed the part with authority and pleasing musicality. George London's initial appearance, as the young Wotan in *Rheingold,* was disappointing; his singing sounded unfocused, and the impression was that of a man groping his way through a part he had not fully mastered. As the Wanderer in *Siegfried,* however, London seemed in complete command: he conveyed the penumbral majesty of the music with a just and quiet passion. His compelling stage presence and gruff, imperious voice should help London become the outstanding Wotan of our time when he has had the opportunity to work his way thoroughly into the parts. (For some reason, he did not perform the *Walküre* Wotan at the Met's revival of the *Ring;* this role was taken by Otto Edelmann and Randolph Symonette, with little more than rou-

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tine competence in either case.)

Last and least, the tenors. For well over a decade the world's Wagnerites have been waiting for Lauritz Melchior's successor. He has yet to appear, and we must content ourselves with reasonable facsimiles. Hans Hopf, who sang Siegfried in the recent Met performances, is generally regarded as the best German heroic tenor functioning today. He is chunky in appearance and fairly clumsy in deportment, and his voice (especially in the high notes) is thinnish and at times bleaty, but he bears the assurance of a veteran performer and has the ability to sing on pitch and in time: not a very exhilarating Siegfried, in short, but one who at least makes musical sense. Jon Vickers, a young tenor from Canada, is regarded in some quarters as a Siegfried of tremendous promise. He certainly looks the part, but his performance as Siegmund in this season's *Walküre* was not of a quality to engender such optimism. Although Vickers was able to produce individual tones that carried the requisite *Heldentenorisch* body and ping, he seemed unable to mold these tones into a graceful and meaningful musical line.

But the deficiencies of tenors, the lapses of set designers, the vagaries of orchestra players in the end are submerged—like the charred ruins of the Gibichung palace—in the splendors of Wagner's music. There is nothing quite like it. You can build up all sorts of antipathetic reactions to it *in absentia*, but its cumulative power becomes irresistible in the opera house. And as the long drama unfolds, one gathers increasing respect for Wagner's superb sense of musical characterization. It is fashionable today to praise Mozart's gift for crystallizing personality in a few swift strokes, but surely not even Mozart could have more precisely and probingly depicted Loge's teasing wit, Fasolt's plodding robustness, Hunding's suspicious meanness, the Wanderer's reposeful dignity, Mime's unction, Hagen's brutality, Gunther's vacillation. The *Ring* story may be so much Nordic nonsense, but the operas are peopled with some fascinating characters, and it is good to have had the whole ridiculous crew brought back to life.

BOOKS

Guide to a Forbidden City

JAMES KRITZECK

THE SACRED JOURNEY, by Ahmad Kamal. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.*

It is no longer particularly difficult to visit "forbidden" old Moslem cities like Fez, Marrakech, Timbuktu, Kano, Harar, Kerbala, Meshed, Bokhara, and Samarkand. About the only one left, in fact, to which no travel agent, however clever, can send you and no mere valid visa can guarantee you entrance is Mecca. You really have to be a Moslem to go to Mecca. For that reason alone, if worthier reason be lacking, the city continues to exert a wide, powerful, and enduring fascination.

For more than thirteen centuries, it has been the goal—one almost says "mecca" as a common noun—of millions upon millions of travelers. Every Moslem is obliged to go there once during his lifetime if he possesses the means and feels the obligation to do so. Last year it was visited by close to eight hundred thousand pilgrims, and their numbers may be expected to increase during the years to come.

Of course many Moslems throughout the centuries have written accounts of the city and the pilgrimage (called *al-hajj*), so curious non-Moslems have been able to learn a great deal about them. For that matter, a few non-Moslems, at the risk of their lives, have posed as pilgrims and succeeded in penetrating the sacred city. The first of them was Ludovico di Varthema of Bologna, in 1503; the most celebrated was Sir Richard Burton, the translator of *The Arabian Nights*, in 1853. The city and pilgrimage have even been photographed, perhaps most spectacularly by Abdul Ghafur Sheikh in the *National Geographic Magazine* in 1953.

In *The Sacred Journey* Ahmad Kamal, the president of the Jami'at al-Islam Foundation, has given us an "official guide" to the pilgrimage. Besides providing the reader with the opportunity to experience vicariously the various stages of the pilgrimage, the book offers, by means of its excellent commentary and the full texts of the prescribed devotions, an interesting introduction to Islam in general.

There are two types of pilgrimage to Mecca: the lesser pilgrimage, which can be performed at any time with an abbreviated ritual, and the greater pilgrimage, which must be performed on specific days during the month of Dhu al-Hijjah. Because Moslems use a lunar calendar, the month of pilgrimage may fall in any season. Usually pilgrims arrive, as they have for centuries, at the seaport (and now airport) of Jiddah on the Red Sea. There, if they have not already provided for their necessities, they are placed in the care of a professional escort; they bathe and trim their hair and nails; they don the simple robes of the pilgrim and enter into the *ihram* state. From this point to the end of the pilgrimage they must abstain from the use of jewelry, perfume, personal adornment, sexual intercourse, violence, and from cutting or uprooting living things. From Jiddah they proceed, on foot or beast, or by car or bus, the forty-five miles inland to Mecca. There are four stops on the way: at Um al-Salam and Bahrah, where there are police checking stations; at al-Shemisi, the final barrier point beyond which non-Moslems are forbidden to venture; and finally at the gates of Mecca itself.

"Makkah [Mecca] is not so much a geographic location, or pilgrimage ritual," Kamal says, "as it is a frame of mind. Pilgrims will discover in Makkah only what they take to Makkah . . . Pilgrimage is a declaration of belief, not a search for it." He describes the scene magnificently: "A broad, twining thoroughfare follows the irregular floor of the valley of Makkah, dividing it and the city

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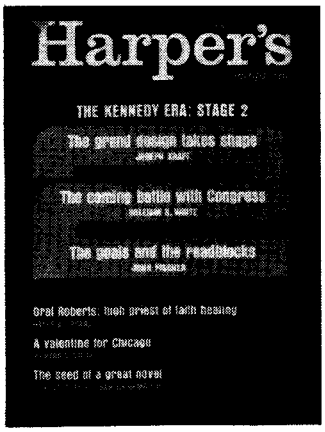
longitudinally; this main artery is intersected beside the great mosque by a broad way which crosses the valley from hill-flank to hill-flank, cutting through the busiest market place. Roofed to protect pilgrims and Makkans from the indescribable heat of the summer sun, this latter is the sacred course between Safa and Marwah . . . The way is lined with shops filled with tons of rosaries of amber and rare and fragrant woods, with Qurans [Korans] so tiny that a full illuminated page is smaller than a woman's thumbnail and must be read with a magnifying glass, with food and drink and footwear, umbrellas to turn not rain but sun, semiprecious stones and incense and musk and civet and heavy perfumes, attar and rosewater and Coca-Cola, Taif grapes and ripe Taif melons, primitive lithographs of Makkah and the holy scene—wares holy and wares profane to tempt the appetite of the solid tide of pilgrims which thrusts to and fro."

But it is not to Mecca in general that the pilgrimage—and all Moslem prayer—is oriented; it is specifically to the Ka'bah, the black-draped cuboidal "holy house" in the central square. This is the shrine, important already in pre-Islamic religion, which Moslems believe was built in its original form by Abraham. It was only fairly late in his career that the Prophet Mohammed unequivocally incorporated the shrine and the pilgrimage into Islam; the first Moslems had prayed toward Jerusalem and shunned any association with polytheistic worship.

After kissing the silver-encased Black Stone, the Moslem begins the solemn ritual of *tawaf*, the circumambulation of the Ka'bah seven times. When that is finished, he recites several more prayers at designated locations and then begins *sa'y*, marching seven times between the hills of al-Safa and al-Marwah. "It is likely," says the author, "that the heat will be all but insupportable. During much of the pilgrimage a dust pall will hang over Makkah. . . . There will be enormous throngs thrusting relentlessly in opposite directions, forcing through each other's ranks."

Then comes the journey to Mount 'Arafat, fourteen miles from Mecca, where the pilgrim must arrive "by high noon on the ninth day of Dhu al-Hijjah" for the ceremony of *wuquf*, or standing before God, for which lengthy prayers are prescribed. At sundown he goes to Muzdalifah, where he prays and gathers forty-nine (according to Kamal; others say sixty-three) pebbles. Then returning through the valley to Mina, he casts his pebbles against pillars that have been set up to represent the sites of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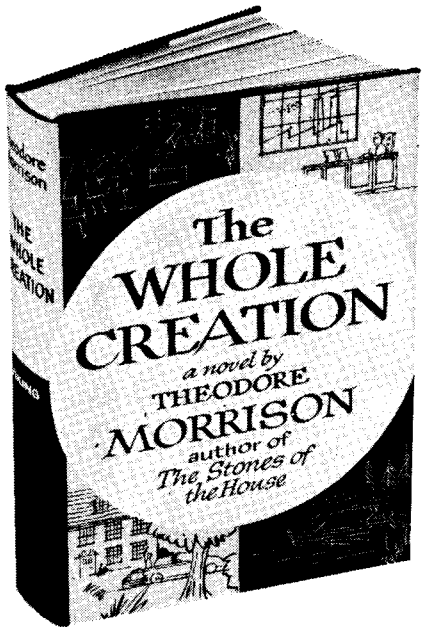

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VIKING

Ishmael's temptations by Satan to run away from his father, Abraham (the Moslem version of the story of Abraham differs substantially from the Judaeo-Christian version). Two days later he offers a blood sacrifice, normally a sheep or goat, in commemoration of God's sparing Abraham the sacrifice of his son. After a ceremonial tonsure and a second *tawaf,* with a final circling of the Ka'bah, the pilgrimage is ended. The pilgrim has become a *hajji.*

The Sacred Journey is a devout Moslem book. The full text is presented in Arabic as well as in English (the typesetters deserve special congratulations for having produced Arabic pages uniquely free of typographical errors); and after each mention of the Prophet Mohammed, even in the English text, there appears a scratchy rubric in indifferent Arabic calligraphy representing the pious formula *salla 'llahu 'alayhi wa-sallam* (God bless him and give him peace). Transliteration from Arabic is admittedly a devilish problem to which there is no easy solution. But even the general reader may be somewhat puzzled to discover Hegirah (*hijrah*) and yet Makkah, Jesus and yet Jibra'il (Gabriel) in the English text.

THROUGHOUT the book there is a running commentary on Islamic unity that sounds for all the world like Pan-Islamism. "Islam has been divided by trifles," says Kamal, "by age-old political arguments which our predecessors in their ignorance allowed to become articles of faith. . . . So long as we remain intolerant of one another and will not recognize that Hanafi and Maliki, Shafe'i and Hanbali [the schools of Sunnite law]—Shi'ah and Sunni—are nothing and *Islam* everything, none of us deserves to be free." For all its truth and passion, that is a curious way for a Moslem to speak; so is the reference to the Sunni and Shi'ah "schools . . . of orthodox Islam." If they are both orthodox, what, one wonders, is heterodox?

The very notion that there could be some ecumenical movement within Islam at this stage of its history, in view not so much of Christian efforts in the same direction as of Moslem indications to the contrary, is intriguing. Its realization, however, could be either unsettling or comforting to the non-Moslem world, depending upon its motives. For it could be, as Arnold Toynbee warned in *Civilization on Trial,* "the sign in which an oriental society has twice in the past risen up victoriously against an occidental intruder." Or it could also be the sign of an approaching end to the racist nationalisms that have so plagued the Moslem world and of a rediscovery of the rich spiritual values in the religion of Islam.

Belgravia Lingers On

SAREL EIMERL

A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME, by Anthony Powell. *Little, Brown. $5.95.*

Every life tends to be banal, even among the upper classes, and the reader who wants to receive an accurate impression of his betters, without any false glitter or adventitious dramatics, must expect to be bored. The writer who can make the banal fascinating is, after all, a rare creature. Anthony Powell possesses this gift. Since the late 1940's, he has been engaged in writing a long work, *The Music of Time.* Five volumes have appeared so far (the first three of which have now been reissued in an omnibus volume), and they give the most clear-eyed picture of the English upper classes since *Vanity Fair.*

In the fifth novel of the series, one of the characters remarks: "It takes a bit of time to realize that the odds and ends milling about around one are the process of living." *The Music of Time* is a collection of such odds and ends. It has won its author a lofty reputation in England.

Although Powell's series is presented as fiction, it is largely autobiographical. There is no plot in the orthodox sense. The novels are made up of a collection of random events in and around the life of the narrator, Nick Jenkins, who, it may be assumed, represents his creator.

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Like Powell, Jenkins attended a public school (presumably Eton) and a university (presumably Oxford); his experiences at them take up most of the first volume. Like Powell, he then moved to London, where he worked for a publishing house and wrote novels. His friends are by choice artists and writers, many of them down-at-heel; but he also attends debutante parties, visits at country houses, and finally marries, as Powell did, the daughter of an Earl. From the second volume onward, the scene shifts between the upper classes and the arts.

As far as the novels are concerned, Jenkins' life starts after five o'clock. Powell is a novelist of manners, concerned primarily with the social and domestic life of his characters. It is, on the surface, extremely dull: a round of uninteresting parties, sexual liaisons more or (usually) less impassioned, and endless gossip.

ALL THIS goes on in any suburb. What distinguishes Powell's Belgravia is the air of lost empire and the sense of futility endemic to any aristocracy that has been deprived of its function. Sir Gavin Walpole-Wilson, late of the foreign service, who walks with a slight limp ("possibly assumed to indicate a certain state of mind") is a typical example. His main preoccupation, which he petulantly resents, is to get his daughter married. Unfortunately she prefers horses to men.

The same sense of hopeless divorce from important issues is conveyed, among dozens of other instances, in a discussion of what name families use to address a son who has succeeded to an earldom. Should it be his old title or his new one? In Powell's sardonic view, the young on their way up are as deeply enmeshed in futility as the old on their way down. Widmerpool, a pompous ass, through sheer will achieves substantial business success. He even manages to contrive a connection with Mrs. Simpson. But when the King goes, so does she, and so do Widmerpool's silly dreams of grandeur at court.

The decline of a class has its pathetic side, as illustrated by the brilliant Stringham, who can find no cause worthy of effort and degenerates into a hopeless alcoholic. But few such somber reminders mar the comedy. Powell is predominantly an entertainer, and, for those who enjoy grace and subtlety, one of the very best.

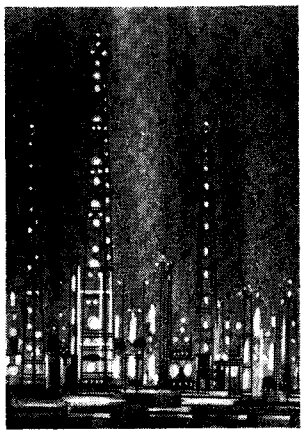
His tone is dry. The snobbish Widmerpool, contemplating with apprehension a weekend at a hotel with his fiancée, whose social station is superior to his, asks what surname he should use. "Mr. and the Honourable Mrs. Smith," suggests Jenkins. This joke is as unmistakably English as Powell's style. It is always graceful but deliberately flat, as if to emphasize his characters' lack of aim and vigor.

This tone perfectly fits his narrative method, which is casual and discursive. He simply assembles his characters and lets them drift from one pointless situation to another. Stringham getting his housemaster arrested as a practical joke, a pile of left-wing leaflets getting scattered at a fashionable party, a session at planchette—these are typical incidents. The action is so leisurely that it often seems to have stopped. But this sturdy indifference to time's pressures is characteristic of England, where people are accustomed to wait patiently in enormously long queues, and where cricket matches last for days.

THE ATTRACTION of Powell's narrative is in fact similar to that of a cricket match. There the enthusiast sits, drugged by the endless obscure tussle between batsman and bowler, delighting in an occasional graceful movement, and waiting for something dramatic to happen. It doesn't, but he goes home undismayed. The dramatic wouldn't be cricket, and if the serene flow of Anthony Powell's narrative were disturbed by drama, it would not so perfectly represent England.

The great advantage of Powell's technique is that the reader, like Jenkins, observes the characters very much as one observes one's friends. Jenkins is blessed with an enormous curiosity which brings him rich hauls of information, notably about his friends' ghastly experiences in love and sex.

It is all done with effortless grace. No vulgar four-letter words pollute the elegant Belgravia air, and rightly, for Old Etonians watch their



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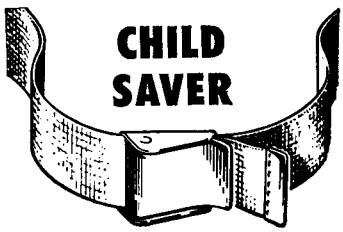

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language. Waugh ridiculed through exaggeration; Powell uses understatement, hint, speculation. The American, if he reads carefully, will come away with a vastly expanded knowledge of the differences in style that distinguish English society from his own brash and outspoken world.

The Separation Of Power

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

WHO GOVERNS? DEMOCRACY AND POWER IN AN AMERICAN CITY, by Robert A. Dahl. *Yale University Press. $7.50.*

For a study of the politics of an American city, New Haven has much to recommend it. The long history provides nice contrasting colonial and "theocratic" and Federalist backdrops to the present post-immigration turmoil; the city once had its moment of importance as an industrial place, with companies making clocks and firearms and buggies; it has Yale, an old and distinguished university, to play its part in town-gown rivalries, and to subject the long-suffering citizenry to an endless stream of sociological researches; it has Irish and Italians in abundance and also Negroes to contend with each other, push each other up the "socio-economic scale," and overwhelm the Yankees; it has many, many Catholics, with some Jews, to take over as the Protestants move out to North Haven and Bethany.

The mixture of all this makes for an interesting confusion, as when visiting politicians assume too readily that a New Haven audience means a Yale audience. The Stevenson forces did that in 1956. One remembers, also, at some earlier date, Prescott Bush cheerily telling an arena full of unresponsive Republican townsfolk, in large part of Italian origin, that "we"—i.e., Yale's football team—had won that day, and then, with an unmistakably collegiate quartet, rendering the "Whiffenpoof Song." And legend has it that when a Republican committee in another, similarly populated Connecticut city sent postcards to all Italian voters urging that Mrs. John Davis Lodge, who could claim an Italian background, be made the state's first lady, the Democratic committee responded by sending exactly the same card to all the Irish voters.

But ethnic rivalries are not the whole of New Haven's present politics, although when Richard Lee first ran for mayor, as recently as in 1949, apparently there wasn't much more to it: I recall one Democratic wardheeler who informed an idealistic squad of doorbell ringers that "issues" were a bore, and that the important thing was to get Lee's name straight—and not mention his opponent, a Mr. Celantano. Since then, however, after losing twice, Lee has been elected or re-elected five times, and has brought a tremendous new issue to the fore in local politics—the city's redevelopment. New Haven is one of the chief examples in the nation of urban redevelopment and renewal—perhaps the most notable new idea in domestic politics since the Second World War. The city has boldy ripped out its core in a breathtaking self-transformation. It has been able to do this, as this book indicates, because it had in Mayor Lee a vigorous and effective executive, moving into a relative power vacuum and mobilizing a diverse coalition of support for a broadly appealing and much-needed program.

PROFESSOR DAHL'S BOOK, however, is not exactly about New Haven politics, but rather about a general question: in a representative American city, who rules? Who makes the decisions in a city such as New Haven, which is a pretty good "example of a democratic system, warts and all"? One main thing this book certainly does is disprove the notion that somebody behind the scenes "really" runs the city. It also establishes that nobody in front of the scenes rules either, as a simple "power elite" or in a simple "power structure." No one group unites economic, social, and political power. Professor Dahl gives a different picture from those of a Middletown or an Atlanta "run" by a single wealthy or socially pre-eminent

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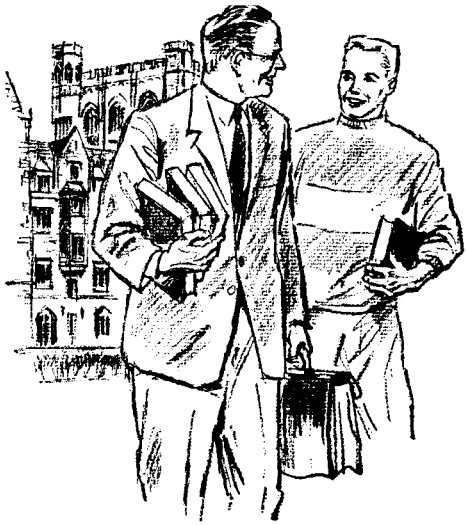
class. In New Haven, rather, the development has been in the other direction: toward a kind of separation of the elements of power. The Congregationalist Federalists of the old Standing Order united social standing, education, wealth, and political influence; but there has been nothing quite like them since. The "entrepreneurs" who succeeded the patricians split off wealth and political influence from social eminence and intellectual leadership, and the children of immigrants who succeeded in their turn have split off the political influence of sheer popularity, or numbers, from the other elements of power. Now perhaps ethnic politics begins to fade; the "new men" may be the bureaucrats and experts who cope with the urban problems like those of the renewal and redevelopment enterprise.

The over-all pattern has been, in Dahl's words, from "cumulative" to "dispersed" inequalities. That is to say, where the elements of power were once unified, they are now scattered, and those with wealth or social standing by no means necessarily have extraordinary political power. Wealth is an important "resource" in politics, of course, but it has diminishing returns; and the social standing of the luminaries of the Lawn Club dances does not bring a great deal of useful political power.

The pattern of power in New Haven must be examined piecemeal: with respect to the schools, there is one combination; with respect to the urban redevelopment, another; with respect to the political parties and nominations, yet another. There are many "resources" for political influence, but they are scattered around in various ways and only rarely used to their full. Mayor Lee came into the scatter of power in New Haven and made an "executive-centered" order out of the old spread of independent sovereignties.

Mr. Dahl's book, despite the multitudinous interviews and charts that behavioral scientists seem to require, is a constructive counterbalance to all "conspiracy theories" of power in American communities, or semi-Marxist theories about control by the rich; in effect it corrects the pessimism and apathy such notions may engender.



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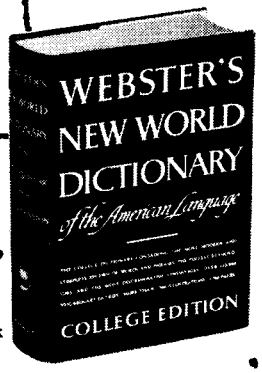

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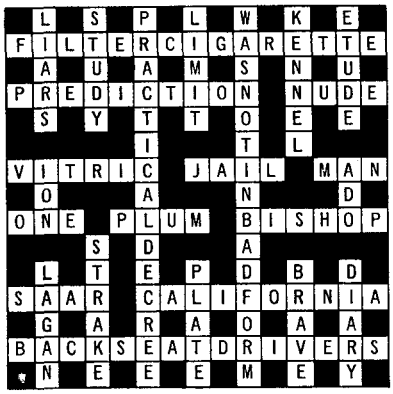
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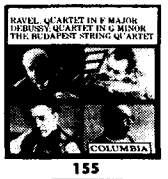

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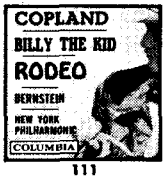

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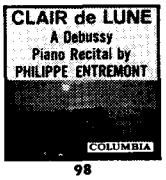

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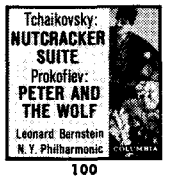

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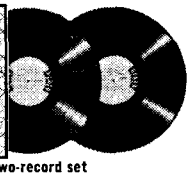
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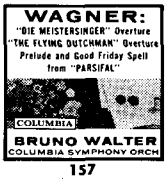

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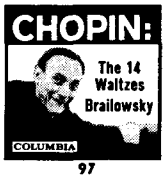

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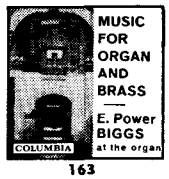

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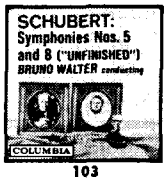

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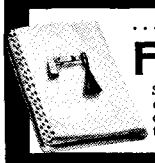

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